THE NATION

OCTOBER 8, 1973 50 cents

8-72 8-74
The Sherrod Library
Periodicals Dept.
E. Tennessee St. Univ.
Johnson City, Tn. 37601

Fall Poetry Issue

WE CANNOT AFFORD OUR CARS
Eugene J. McCarthy

THE SUPREME COURT SPINS THE GE
Michael M. Harper

STREETS AND TRAINS OF CHINA
Patricia Beadles Yu

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Bay Area bosses

East Palo Alto, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: I was somewhat disconcerted by Mary Ellen Leary's plaudits for the San Francisco area's Metropolitan Transit Commission (MTC) in "Regional Transport: San Francisco Maps Our Future" [*The Nation*, July 30]. I believe that she ignores the overall impact of regional planning as now practiced in the Bay Area.

MTC did not just "slide in while the state legislature blinked." Nor did BART (Bay Area Rapid Transit) or BATSC (Transportation Study Commission). All three, plus many other regional planning agencies, were pushed through by the Bay Area Council (BAC), one of this country's most powerful local lobbying and planning organizations. BAC is the voice of the chief executives of the Bay Area's biggest corporations, such as the Bank of America, Standard Oil, Southern Pacific, Pacific Gas and Electric, Kaiser Industries and Hewlett-Packard.

Regional planning could be a good thing, but under the leadership of BAC it has reinforced the profit-making plans of the BAC corporations. This is not to say that all BAC-proposed planning is bad. But MTC and BART demonstrate its dangers. . . .

The Bay Area, like most other American metropolises, is divided into centers of employment and residential areas. It developed in this way because financial industries found it most profitable to locate in San Francisco's Montgomery Street district; high-technology industries found it made sense to group in the South Bay, etc. Commuting routes developed connecting these employment centers with residential neighborhoods. A huge number of people spend up to three hours per workday traveling to and from work. BART and MTC reinforce this pattern. They call for social expenditure (taxes) to subsidize the socially undesirable regional division of labor. . . .

I don't think we should junk MTC just because big companies support and influence it. But I do think people concerned about Bay Area transportation should be aware of the dangers of relying on regulatory and planning agencies (*The Nation* has provided many examples at the federal level). . . . *Lenny Siegel*

honors list

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: The Postal Service (that semi-free enterprise outfit) recently published a commemorative issue of ten different 8¢-stamps depicting "Postal people, including postmasters and supervisors, letter carriers, clerks, mail handlers, motor vehicle operators, rural letter carriers, special delivery messengers and maintenance employees, all serving YOU"—meaning us. I really think that two additional stamps should have been included: one showing John Q. Public complaining bitterly about the generally poor results emanating from the U.S. Postal Service and the other a portrait of U.S. Postal Service bigwigs ordering still another price increase for letters and postcards. *Harry Cimring*

more on Newton

Watertown, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Ross Baker's article, "Panthers Outgrow Their Rhetoric," [*The Nation*, July 16] needs a few corrections.

Baker refers to Huey Newton's prison term three times without once reminding his readers that Newton's manslaughter conviction was overturned on appeal, and the state failed to convict him despite two further attempts (hung juries both times).

Baker characterizes the Bay Area Revolutionary Union as Trotskyite, whereas in fact it is Stalinist in the extreme. A minor mistake, perhaps, but one that the R.U. will not appreciate. . . . *Greg and Marjorie Heins*

EDITORIALS

Resolving a Dilemma

The conflict between the Russian Communist Party's ruling Politburo and the dissidents led by the novelist Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn and the physicist Andrei D. Sakharov poses a whole series of dilemmas for intellectuals, both within the Soviet Union and in the West. It generates predicaments for politicians as well, and for all citizens who take politics seriously. American liberals, libertarians, Socialists and pacifists have little cause to applaud our new Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger, for his past policies, but he may have outlined to the Senate committee that considered his nomination the only feasible solution for the present predicament. Asked whether extending "most-favored-nation" trade status to the Soviet Union should depend on Soviet treatment of Jews desiring to emigrate to Israel, and intellectuals agitating for greater freedom within the Soviet Union, Mr. Kissinger acknowledged that "painful" as Mr. Sakharov's situation might be, American foreign policy could not be conditional on a "particular aspect of the domestic structure of the Soviet Union." Mr. Kissinger, in short, adhered to the traditional, if often blurred, diplomatic distinction between foreign policy and the internal affairs of a sovereign nation.

One practical reason for this position, which is that of the Nixon Administration as well as of Mr. Kissinger, is that foreign nations can find plenty to complain about, from a moral standpoint, in our own conduct, both foreign and domestic. When they do complain, we are outraged. Relations between Sweden and the United States are severely strained because of Swedish disapproval, semi-officially expressed, of American bombing of North Vietnam. As Tom Wicker points out, what would be the effect if the Soviet Union refused to deal with the United States until justice was done in the Kent State case (and Jackson State, it should be added)? Many Americans are exercised about such matters, but they realize that if there is to be a remedy, it lies with us, not with critics abroad.

Then, in Soviet eyes, refusal on the part of the U.S. Congress to give the Soviet Union equal trade status with other nations may be a thinly disguised form of the anti-communism that has been chronic in the United States since 1918 and from time to time bursts out in virulent form, as in the McCarthy era. How is it, they may ask, that we are on cordial terms with dictatorial regimes all over the world, and scarcely hide our jubilation when, as in Chile, a legally elected Marxist regime is overthrown by force and violence? The military dictatorship which overthrew President Allende seems to be far more repressive, savage and stupid than are even the Greek Colonels. But the Nixon Administration did not remonstrate with the largely American-armed insurrectionists nor, earlier, did the American-dominated World Bank, and other specialized U.N. agencies, give aid to Allende in his struggle against right-wing extremists.

All this looks different in Moscow than it does in Washington or in the executive offices of expropriated

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U.S. multinational corporations. As for Sen. Henry Jackson, who aspires to the Presidency, does any informed person, whether in the Soviet Union or the United States, really believe that his heart bleeds for Sakharov and Solzhenitsyn? He wants an even bigger U.S. arms program than President Nixon dares to sponsor, and he will do what he can to disrupt a Soviet-American détente.

The Soviet Union treats its citizens as pawns. Soviet restrictions on internal movement, emigration and civil liberties are repugnant to those Americans who remain loyal to our own Bill of Rights. But here again bias is in evidence. In Vienna some 400 Russian Jews are languishing while they plead to be allowed into the Soviet Union. They went to Israel, didn't find conditions to their liking, and want to go back where they came from. The Politburo is too stupid, or too vindictive, to let them return. One does not find American Jews picketing Soviet consulates on behalf of these stateless Jews.

Everything possible should be done by private American groups and organizations to express displeasure at Soviet repression. The cablegram from Philip Handler, president of the National Academy of Sciences, to his opposite number in the Soviet Academy of Sciences is an example of carefully considered action. It is the more effective because Handler acknowledges that the American scientific community was remiss in failing to protect J.R. Oppenheimer from political attack. Remonstrances by the Authors League of America, the Association of American Publishers, and other organizations are likewise to be commended. But official action, rather than making the Russian leaders more responsive to the rights and needs of the Russian people, is likely to make them more repressive, and almost certain to reverse the tentative progress that has been made in disarmament negotiations and constructive relations in general.

Permanent Emergency

The United States, by law, has been in a constant state of emergency since 1917. Congress then gave the President broad powers under the Trading with the Enemy Act, and it has never taken them back. Over the years since, Congress has added to the President's extraordinary powers with almost 600 separate bills broadening his right to rule the country, if he so wishes, without regard to normal constitutional processes. Under these various laws, the President "may seize properties, mobilize production, seize commodities, institute martial law, seize control of all transportation and communications, regulate private capital, restrict travel and, in a host of other ways, control the activities of all American citizens."

The words are those of Senators Frank Church (D., Idaho) and Charles Mathias (R., Md.), who this year have been investigating the nation's emergency laws. Their findings are frightening. According to what their Special Committee on the Termination of a National Emergency has dug up, it is at least possible that a President, if he thought he was about to be impeached, could use his emergency powers to remain in office and, after legally declaring a new emergency, impose martial law upon the country. The Church-Mathias committee is about to publicize 470 of the more significant emergency statutes, and

IN THIS ISSUE

October 8, 1973

EDITORIALS

322

ARTICLES

326 We Cannot Afford Our Cars — *Eugene J. McCarthy*
327 Anti-Pollution: Carrot or Stick? — *Amitai Etzioni*
328 The Supreme Court Spurns the GI — *Marvin M. Karpatkin*
331 Boggling the Mind: A Bad Press in Mississippi — *Lew Powell*
334 Streets and Trains of China — *Patricia Beadles Yu*
337 The Antifederalists Told Us So — *John S. Rosenberg*

FALL POETRY ISSUE

339 H.D.: Hermetic Definition — *Jane Mayhall*
341 Tate: Absences; Casey: Obscenities — *Charles Molesworth*
342 Four Poems — *Tomaz Salamun*; Translators — *Tomaz Salamun, Michael Waltuch* and *Anselm Hollo*
343 Poems — *János Pilinsky*; Translators — *William Jay Smith, Gyula Kodolányi*
345 Poems — *Philippe Thoby-Marcelin*; Translator — *William Jay Smith*
346 Rich: Diving into the Wreck — *Cheryl Walker*
348 Poems — *Roberto Juarroz*; Translator — *W. S. Merwin*
349 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*
350 Films — *Robert Hatch*

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW Jr.

Editor
CAREY McWILLIAMS

Associate Publisher
LINDA EDER STORROW

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
EMILE CAPOUYA

Western Representative
GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, GRACE SCHULMAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON; Circulation Manager, ROSE M. GREEN.

Editorial Associate, ERNEST GRUENING

Washington, ROBERT SHERRILL; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Jerusalem, HERBERT KROSNEY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD; U.N., ANNE TUCKERMAN.

The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1973 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $15; two years, $27.50. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 217
No. 11

The Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
Johnson City, Tennessee
OCT 1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then we should have a better understanding of how far Congress has evaded its responsibilities. The irony is that during present Congressional debates and proposals on the subject, almost no Congressmen appreciate the extent of the emergency powers which the President now holds; even if some of the current measures limiting executive authority over spending and military action were enacted, the President would still retain his emergency powers and could do just about everything, quite legally, that the new laws would seek to prevent.

One effect of the emergency statutes is that the government continues to demand that a citizen obey orders which by no stretch of the imagination can be related to the state of affairs which allegedly justifies them. Thus in 1970, a federal Court of Appeals upheld the Cuban Assets Control Regulations on authority of the Korean War emergency declared by President Truman twenty years earlier.

Two years ago, Congress repealed the World War II Emergency Detention Act, and civil libertarians sighed in relief. But remaining on the federal law books is a provision designed as a World War II power and headed "Restrictions in Military Areas and Zones." In essence, it gives any military commander the right to put a citizen in jail after a President legally declares a new national emergency. Another "emergency" statute gives the President power "upon application of the country concerned [to] detail members of the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps to assist in military matters (*1*) any republic in North America, Central America or South America; (*2*) the Republic of Cuba, Haiti or Santo Domingo; and (*3*) during a war or declared national emergency any other country that he considers it advisable to assist in the interest of national defense." The President, if he wished, could today find it legally simple to send the boys back into Vietnam.

The Church-Mathias committee has found that some of the emergency statutes have become part of everyday activities of the federal government; some deal with export control, international investments, tariffs and certain contract bidding practices. Thus it will not do simply to revoke the basic emergency laws tied to the Great Depression and the World Wars, since that would wipe out some statutes which should be recast in the form of permanent law. The Church-Mathias staff is expected to suggest which of the emergency laws should be enacted into permanent legislation and which can be scrapped when an end to emergencies is declared by Congressional revocation. The staff is also expected to recommend enforced, permanent Congressional supervision of any national emergency legislation which might remain or be newly enacted. It seems sensible to suggest that no Presidential emergency authority be permitted to run beyond a specified period without Congressional re-enactment.

But can Congress act responsibly and swiftly in a national emergency, or does the modern age dictate that the Chief Executive always retains broad powers to put the country into an emergency and to give the executive branch wide control of human and economic activity? The answer is that Congress can act if it wants to. Emergencies seldom befall us overnight, the war in Vietnam certainly did not, and anyone able to read should have seen the dangers in allowing the dollar drain to continue for years. Prof. Gerhard Casper of the University of Chicago told the Church-Mathias committee: "While kings, even Presidents, may abdicate, Congress has no constitutional right to do so. Emergency powers are among the most serious dangers to democracy. All that is doubtful is whether members of Congress have the will to abide by their constitutional oath of office."

At the Nixon Court

A measure of the change that has come over the Presidency is the extent to which the White House now resembles a Byzantine court. The Executive has always been permeated with politics, but not with the Presidential intrigue that currently runs riot. There is no point in trying to chart this intrigue or guess its likely outcome. Suffice it to note what seems to be going on and the implied assumptions underlying it. Moves are not made directly—intrigue doesn't work that way—the word is simply passed to Laird or Haig, who passes it on to another, who leaks it to the press. Then all parties sit back and wait to see what happens as the ball zooms around the pool table, often ending up in an unintended pocket. Examination of the assumptions suggested by the latest such maneuvers is enough to indicate the complexity. (*1*) If the President believed that the tapes would definitely, finally and conclusively establish his noninvolvement in the Watergate cover-up, he would have long since released them. (*2*) He has been given a kind of reprieve by the Congressional recess, the Kissinger appointment (confirmed 78 to 7, a vote which reflects the feelings of the Establishment that the policy of détente will and should be continued) and the Agnew involvement, a timely and unexpected diversion. But since the decision on the tapes may come fairly soon and could present some sticky and hazardous problems for the President, he needs a new ploy, so he must act *now* against that eventuality. (*3*) If Agnew were completely confident—sure of his innocence—he would have insisted on being heard by the grand jury, just as Nixon would have released the tapes if he had thought they would exonerate him. (*4*) Agnew, fearing indictment, wants to hang onto his office, that being his best defense, and asked the House to investigate the charges against him, that seeming the most promising delaying tactic. (*5*) But Nixon wants Agnew out and has obviously been pushing, intriguing and conniving to get him to resign so that he might appoint the Count of Texas or the Duke of Albany and thereby give the Administration a new image. And the Administration does hold an ace. The Attorney General can tell U.S. Attorney Beall not to proceed against Agnew, but after Watergate, a real fix—resignation in exchange for the dropping of all charges—might seem a bit pat. A compromise might be worked: plea bargaining, i.e., acceptance of a guilty plea to a minor charge. Still, it is hard to see what Agnew would gain thereby, so he is likely to stay on and the President's problem would then be further complicated by all this complicated intrigue and the hard feelings it has surely engendered.

All in all, a very tricky game, a game played out of public view, by surrogates, with headlines as the weapons.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What a sorry picture this conveys of the American Presidency on the eve of the bicentennial. Politics replaced by intrigue; open political action replaced by feints and maneuvers. The talk is of constitutional crises and confrontations, but the confrontations are deferred. In the meantime, the intrigue continues and the White House takes on more and more the atmosphere not of an imperial court —it lacks the grandeur and splendor—but of tawdry and corrupt intrigues by indirection in which one "scenario" is matched against another, almost as if the contesting parties had lost any belief in their ability to control or direct the action.

Guess Who Pays?

In August, food prices recorded their biggest increase for a single month in twenty-seven years and consumer prices as a whole registered the sharpest one-month increase in twenty-six years. (Eileen Shanahan, *The New York Times,* September 22). And not merely food: clothing prices soared, so did rents, interest rates, medical fees, fuel oil, coal, residential telephone charges and other home services costs.

Administration economists are trying to make these doleful figures seem like good news. "It could be that we peaked in August," one is quoted as saying. George Meany's comment on the August cost of living figures is more to the point. They constitute, he says, "complete proof of the utter incompetence of this Administration. Despite the deceptions, distortions and outright falsehoods of White House propagandists, it is obvious that this Administration has no constructive program for combatting inflation."

The basic political meaning of these figures is apparent, even if the economic causes are not. Granted that inflation is a serious problem in most industrial nations and granted that the conventional economic wisdom does not seem to understand its roots—at a recent meeting of banking and industrial leaders of many countries in San Francisco there was no consensus on the causes of inflation—still the impact of the August figures is unambiguous. Eileen Shanahan states the simple and paramount conclusions: "The average worker"—that perennial fall guy—"had less purchasing power than he did a month earlier, and a year earlier, although his weekly pay check, in purely cash terms, was up."

In brief, the burden of absorbing the inflationary costs is not being shared equally or thoroughly but is being shifted to Mr. Average Worker. But the fact that prices of nearly everything are rising—including antique toilet seats, 1929 Chevrolets, old record players, desert lots, mountain cabins, farms, houses, vacant lots, seaside cottages and paintings (last month, one by Jackson Pollock brought $2 million)—creates an illusion of prosperity for the middle class which in turn fuels the inflation. To them, rising prices do not seem to translate out as a steadily depreciating currency. It may make little difference economically whether one thinks in terms of rising prices or a dollar that buys less, but psychologically—and therefore politically—the effect is different. For a time the middle-class property owner may be warmed by the knowledge that his home has doubled in value since he bought it, even if the cost of living continues to increase. But in the end "book values" must be measured in terms of what a dollar will buy at the supermarket. The wage earner—who doesn't own much property—knows that his dollar buys less and less of what he and his family must have to survive. The question, then, that ought to matter most to most Americans is which is rising faster over the long term—the cost of living or wages. And for the past year the answer has been brutal. As Thomas Oliphant points out in the *Boston Globe*: "Workers are back on a treadmill with bites out of the pay check wiping out increases in its size." That is to say that most Americans have taken a pay cut and that is what inflation is all about. The middle-class property owner, by selling an item now and again at today's inflated prices, can keep one jump ahead of the rising cost of living, but in the end he is on the same treadmill.

Filling the Socialist Shoes

October 13 and 14 are the scheduled dates for the founding convention of a new Socialist organization. Leading this movement is Michael Harrington, a frequent contributor to *The Nation*. He first came to national attention in 1962 with *The Other America*, a study of poverty in the United States, which dramatized the issue as it had not been done before. Last fall he resigned as national co-chairman of the Socialist Party-Democratic Socialist Federation, because the party failed to give strong support to George McGovern. He has headed the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee which is sponsoring the current convention. His has been always an eloquent voice of the democratic Left in America.

The Socialist Party, under the long-time leadership of the late Norman Thomas, never came close to electing a President, but that is no measure of its importance or of its value in American politics. The moral force which Norman Thomas brought into the electoral process extended far beyond the tiny Socialist vote he received. In election after election, he was there, intelligent and concerned, ready to provide a responsible alternative to the Left of the two major parties. He was always an anchor to windward; his presence helped keep the system facing up to the social issues and his imaginative good sense had its influence upon the positions of major candidates. Therein lay his real importance.

So steadfast a figure is not missed until he is gone. That the 1968 election offered a Hobson's choice of candidates was perhaps not entirely unrelated to the absence of any eloquent spokesman for democratic socialism. The politics of joy would, of course, have been in hindsight infinitely preferable to the politics of deceit and repression in which we are mired, but the alternatives were not so clear at the time; the likes of Norman Thomas were no longer around to make them so.

It is to be hoped that out of the founding convention which opens on October 13 in New York will come a new Socialist party equipped to offer a real democratic alternative, and to voice a strong "No" to worn-out or warmed-over approaches to our crucial social needs. And perhaps in Michael Harrington a man has been found to fill those empty shoes.

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WE CANNOT AFFORD OUR CARS

EUGENE J. McCARTHY

In 1965, Alan Edmonds wrote in the Canadian magazine, *Maclean's*:

> The economic well-being and prosperity of Canada and the U.S. depends to a significant, perhaps even alarming, extent upon 1966—and every other year, for that matter—being a good one for the auto industry. . . . [that] industry, more than any other, is dominated by the need to grow, to expand, to sell, sell, sell, and provide motive power to keep the eternal circle of our consumer economy moving.

Edmonds in this passage states in some detail what was said more concisely by Charles Wilson in his most remembered phrase: "I thought what was good for our country was good for General Motors, and vice versa." Another auto maker, Henry Ford II, once said that the automobile industry was the most important industry in the United States and that consequently Congress had better not fool around with it.

Certainly the automobile industry is an important industry in the United States. What happens to it or in it has significant bearing on the general economy of the country. More than 92 million automobiles are registered in the United States today, and the growth will continue by geometric progression unless something is done to stop it.

More than 13 million workers are employed in the manufacture, distribution, servicing and commercial use of cars and trucks. That is about 16 per cent of the American work force. The Department of Commerce has estimated that 1970 automotive retail sales (including cars, tires, gasoline, etc.) came to $89 billion—a sum considerably higher than the Pentagon budget of that year.

Road building is an important industry. Since 1956, about $38 billion has been spent on interstate highways, and the Department of Transportation estimates that at least another $38 billion is needed to complete the interstate system. Meanwhile, federal highway planners are speaking of "backlog needs" and the "post-interstate system." One Department of Transportation publication suggests that $592 billion will be needed between 1970 and 1990 for all construction needs of streets, roads and highways in the United States.

That is the positive economic case; the negative case is as follows:

¶The American automobile industry is costing too much. The expense of owning a car ranks third behind housing and food in the family budget of most Americans. Assuming that the average car owner will own and use a car for about forty years of his or her life, the lifetime cost of such ownership, at current estimates, comes to about $54,000.

¶Automobiles kill and maim too many people. Fifty-six thousand persons were killed in car accidents in 1972; more than 2 million were injured.

¶Automobiles pollute too much. They released more than 63 million tons of pollutants into the air in the year 1971.

The automobile is also having an adverse effect on the general economy. To suggest this borders on economic heresy, but most American cars are too big, use too much material in construction, too much fuel in operation, and take up too much space. Therefore, something like $25 billion to $30 billion a year is now being wasted in automobile construction and use. This could be saved and directed to other needs, public and private, without in any way interfering with the effectiveness of transportation in the United States.

If Karl Marx had known about the automobile, he might well have written another chapter in his book on capitalism in which he would have said that under certain conditions the capitalist system needs either war or the automobile industry to stimulate economic growth. There are clear points of similarity between the two expedients: they use essentially the same materials; they demand great manpower and technology; they consume great amounts of money and of credit.

There is also a disturbing similarity between them in their power to kill and to maim. During the years of high American casualties in Vietnam, defenders of U.S. involvement there occasionally pointed out that more persons had been killed in automobile accidents at home than had been killed in the war during the same period of time.

Although America's experience early in this century seemed to bear out the Marxist judgment that capitalistic economy is stimulated by war, neither the Korean nor the Vietnamese War stimulated economic growth. The latter war, especially, has occasioned great economic disorder and slowdown. A rumor of peace now causes the stock market to rise; a rumor of continued or expanded military action depresses the market.

The similar bearing of the automobile industry on the general economy was demonstrated during the 1967 automobile strike. At that time the effects of the escalation of the war were making themselves strongly felt in the national economy. Expanding war industries were competing with other industries for scarce materials, for manpower, for money and for credit. Then came the automobile strike. The normal expectation was that the automobile strike would adversely affect the general economy. It did not. On the contrary, as the strike went on, general economic indicators improved and the stock market rose. The automobile industry, for the first time, had clearly shown its counter-productivity.

What needs to be done is rather obvious, and a beginning has been made:

¶Buyer resistance to American-made cars has expressed itself in the growing popularity of smaller, foreign-made

---

Eugene McCarthy was U.S. Senator from Minnesota from 1958 to 1970.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were convicted, and who may still be incarcerated, under the precise conditions which the Court has now authoritatively ruled to be unconstitutional.

Whether or not this class of persons is to have the benefit of the new decision depends on whether the Court decides that the new rule is to be "retroactively" or only "prospectively" applied. The issue of retroactivity is rarely decided in the same case that establishes the new principle, the Court usually preferring to wait for a later case where a prisoner or former prisoner seeks freedom, or a new trial, or clearing of a criminal record, on the basis of the new constitutional rule.

The 1969 case from which *Gosa* v. *Mayden* sprang involved a sergeant named O'Callahan who was convicted by an Army court-martial of raping a civilian woman in Honolulu, while he was off duty and off post. On that occasion, a 5-to-3 majority of the Supreme Court analyzed many of the features of military justice which are at odds with the normal constitutional rights of due process of law which belong to persons accused of crime. Most obvious are the absence of trial by jury and indictment by grand jury. The jury in a military case, with rare exceptions, consists of a group of officers—called the "court"—selected by the commander. And instead of an indictment based on a finding of probable cause by a presumably impartial grand jury of one's peers, there is simply a decision to proceed by the same commander who appoints the court. The Uniform Code of Military Justice requires, in serious cases, that there be a pretrial investigation and a formal recommendation to the commander, but the commander is free to disregard it. In the civilian world, by contrast, a prosecutor is absolutely barred from bringing a case to trial when a grand jury refuses to hand up a true bill.

In addition to the absence of these two constitutional safeguards of grand jury and jury trial, the *O'Callahan* decision noted a number of other shortcomings of military justice. Military judges lack the independence of federal civilian judges, who by constitutional requirement are appointed for life, and may not have their salaries reduced during their service. This applies not only to the trial judiciary but to appellate judges as well. The entire system of military justice has the institution of "command influence" built into the structure since, to mention only its most conspicuous manifestation, the members of the court appointed by the commander are his subordinates, who are vitally career-dependent on the commander for evaluation, promotion and assignment.

Mr. Justice Douglas, who wrote *O'Callahan*, noted also different rules of evidence and procedure, the absence of compulsory process to obtain witnesses, and a number of other distinctions between the two systems, all to the disadvantage of the military defendant. "A civilian trial," Douglas summarized, "is held in an atmosphere conducive to the protection of individual rights, while a military trial is marked by the age-old manifest destiny of retributive justice."

The *Gosa* case is paradoxical because the 6-to-3 judgment against retroactivity included not only the expected conservatives (Chief Justice Burger, Justices White, Blackmun, Powell and Rehnquist) but also Douglas, who was the author of *O'Callahan*. The concurring opinion of Douglas is somewhat puzzling. Douglas votes with the majority not because he agrees that *O'Callahan* should not be retroactive but because of a very technical analysis —most unlike Douglas—of whether the failure of Airman Third Class Gosa to raise the question of retroactivity at earlier stages of the case should bar him from getting any relief at all.

Mr. Justice Rehnquist's concurrence increases and complicates the paradox. While the most liberal member of the Court, Douglas, is not prepared to state his views on retroactivity, the most conservative member, Rehnquist, flatly concedes that under normal principles, the *O'Callahan* protections should be fully retroactive. But, instead of joining the dissenters (Justices Marshall, Brennan and Stewart), Rehnquist votes against retroactivity, because he disagrees with *O'Callahan*. To bolster his position, Justice Rehnquist invokes the name of the late Justice Harlan, the respected constitutional conservative who wrote the *O'Callahan* dissenting opinion. But what Mr. Justice Rehnquist overlooks is one of Mr. Justice Harlan's best-known jurisprudential principles. To maintain the stability of the Supreme Court as an institution, and the permanence of the rule of law, Justice Harlan consistently voted with the Court in later applications of a new constitutional rule, even though he had disagreed with the new rule at the time it was adopted.

The opinions and votes of Mr. Justice Rehnquist suggest that his only fixed principle seems to be to find some rationalization to hold for the government and against the individual in virtually every case. But since it is easy enough for anyone to quote Scripture, perhaps it should be no surprise to find Rehnquist draping himself in the mantle of a Justice who would never have done what is being justified in his name.

A number of judicial guidelines have evolved over the years for determining retroactivity, but the most significant determinant is whether the new decision is "jurisdictional." Does it decide whether or not a court had judicial power, power over both the subject matter and the defendant, to decide a case? If it is jurisdictional, then it is invariably retroactive, since the legal effect of the decision is a ruling that the Court was without power, and that same lack of power must necessarily contaminate all prior similar decisions. On the other hand, if the new decision is merely an improvement in procedure, for the purpose of securing greater fairness, or ameliorating abuses in police administration, it is generally not retroactive.

Applying these pre-existing standards it is impossible to see any logical basis for the majority holding that the *O'Callahan* decision was not jurisdictional. To all who read it in 1969, both those who applauded it and those who criticized it, it seemed nothing less than a profound jurisdictional decision, indeed almost revolutionary in impact. It held that because of the absence of traditional due process safeguards in military courts, such less-than-perfect tribunals could be tolerated only where absolutely necessary for the fulfillment of the military mission. Just as prior Supreme Court decisions had ruled out court-martial jurisdiction over discharged veterans, dependents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of servicemen, and civilian employees of the military—all on the same rationale—now the Supreme Court was pulling in further the perimeters of military jurisdiction so as to allow courts-martial to try servicemen only for offenses which were related to military service.

That this does not mean that military courts were limited to trying cases involving AWOL or disobedience was illustrated by a 1971 Supreme Court decision where another sergeant, named Relford, was convicted of raping two civilian women at Fort Dix, New Jersey, one a soldier's dependent and the other a civilian employee. The Supreme Court was unanimous in holding that the Army was fully empowered to try and punish military personnel for crimes against civilians that were committed on a military installation.

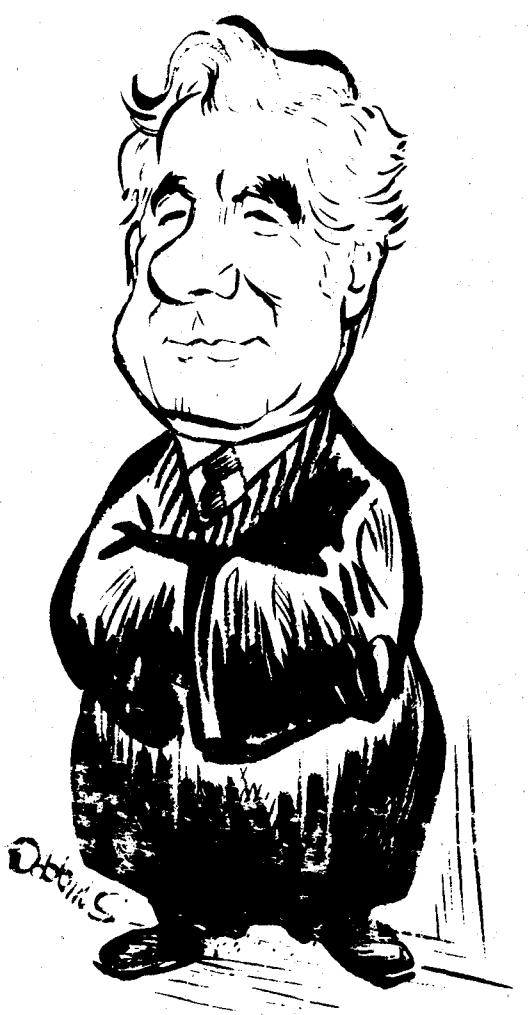
In order to reach the conclusion that the *O'Callahan* decision was not jurisdictional, the author of the Supreme Court's *Gosa* opinion, Mr. Justice Blackmun, denigrates *O'Callahan* to an extent that is completely unsupportable by its text. We are now told that *O'Callahan* was not a decision on jurisdiction but rather on the "appropriate exercise" of jurisdiction, a distinction which is as baffling to this reader as it is to Mr. Justice Marshall and his fellow dissenters, Justices Brennan and Stewart. Moreover, *O'Callahan* is now summarily described as a case which was merely intended to "improve the reliability" of guilty verdicts. And as for trial by jury and indictment by grand jury, the critical distinctions between courts-martial and civilian trials which loomed so large and were repeated again and again in *O'Callahan* are now described as merely "playing some role in assuring the integrity of the truth-determining process." The late Mr. Justice Hugo Black, whose lifelong love for the jury system is legendary, would have been impossible to contain had he been alive to hear this slur on the jury system.

Perhaps the real motive of the majority is not any of the logic chopping on points of jurisdiction but a much more familiar reason for abdication of judicial responsibility. Justice Blackmun and his colleagues do not hide their concern that if the *O'Callahan* rule were to be retroactive, thousands of court-martial records would become subject to review. This might require "wholesale invalidation of convictions rendered years ago," and, in many cases, persons being freed without retrial because of unavailability of witnesses and documents and fading of memories. "Society must not be made to tolerate a result of that kind," the opinion pontificates, especially since courts-martial provide "essential justice." Nowhere is "essential justice" defined in the Constitution, or in the Uniform Code of Military Justice, but it is obviously something less than the justice which comes from due process of law under the Constitution.

What is really shocking is that nowhere in this judicial exercise does the majority consider that undoubtedly thousands of these convictions were erroneous and *should* be set aside, and thousands of veterans should have an opportunity to have their records cleansed. The quaint old notion, espoused by our most revered jurists since the birth of the Republic, that the theory of our system is that society gains more by not imprisoning an innocent person than it loses by failing to imprison a guilty one is completely ignored.

One of the most significant features of the new decision is that Mr. Justice Marshall has apparently replaced Justice Douglas as the protector of the serviceman. It is a well-known fact in military justice circles, and documented in a comprehensive Defense Department study, that black servicemen have been convicted by largely white military courts to a vastly disproportionate extent, and that a large contributory factor is "systemic" racism in the services, notwithstanding official policies. The very purpose of procedural due process in all its niceties is an attempt to remove or reduce the likelihood of bias, or ignorance, or hostility, or indifference, resulting in a conviction which is unfair or unjust. Justice Marshall during his many years as chief counsel for the NAACP had considerable experience with military justice, and has not forgotten it now that he is on the Supreme Court.

His dissenting opinion, while technically impeccable in refuting all of the Blackmun arguments about jurisdiction—a not particularly difficult task in view of its sleazy reasoning—also devotes itself to a thorough analysis of Justice Douglas' unexpected hesitation. The refutation of Douglas is likewise technically sound and very convincing to a constitutional lawyer reading it, but it also seems



Boston Herald Traveler

Chief Justice Burger

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to communicate a feeling of astonishment and perhaps rebuke. Is this another echo of the black civil rights fighter wondering at the white liberal's failure to understand what it's all about?

Douglas' egalitarian credentials will undoubtedly survive this contretemps with Marshall. Perhaps he will adhere to his prior practice and find an occasion in some later opinion to explain his position further and try to reconcile his views with Marshall's. It is not a pleasant prospect in the era of the Burger Court to find these two champions of constitutional liberties divided on such an important question.

But more distressing than the perhaps temporary Marshall-Douglas split, and the unconvincing casuistry of the Blackmun opinion, is the certainty of the line-up of the votes. Even without Douglas, there were five Justices ready to shrug their shoulders at thousands of GIs and ex-GIs who, by the Supreme Court's own words, had been unconstitutionally convicted. In the course of the opinions, reference is made to the seriousness of a companion case described as one of "a serviceman who deserts his post." (This is yet another error. The case involved AWOL, which, unlike desertion, is a common military offense, and not to be compared with desertion, which means a permanent departure with intent not to return.) But whether or not the serviceman in question deserted his post, it is unhappily clear from *Gosa* v. *Mayden*, that the Supreme Court has deserted the GI. □

BOGGLING THE MIND

A BAD PRESS IN MISSISSIPPI

LEW POWELL

Greenville, Miss.

On the whole, we in the South probably enjoy more than our share of outstanding big city dailies: the *Miami Herald*, the *Charlotte Observer*, the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. Unfortunately, however, all three lie on the periphery, and their benign influence rarely extends beyond the boundaries of their own circulations.

Atlanta and New Orleans are the economic and cultural centers of the hard-core South, but the dailies there seem mostly intent on inducing catalepsy among their readers. With a few exceptions, our smaller papers are even less venturesome and even more bound to the concept of newspaper as factory.

But nowhere is daily journalism as devastatingly bad as in Jackson, the capital of Mississippi and its largest city (population 154,000). The *Clarion-Ledger* and *Jackson Daily News* are owned by the Hederman family, which uses them not only to grow ever wealthier (*always* the primary concern) but also to promote racism, fundamentalism and the *status quo*.

The Hedermans' influence is not limited to their monopoly papers. They control 40 per cent of a television station. They own acres of downtown real estate. And they are very big in the diverse affairs of the First Baptist Church. But it is through the *Clarion-Ledger* and the *Daily News* that the Hedermans have shaped the mind of white Mississippi by reinforcing its basest and most provincial tendencies. It is 1973 here, as in the rest of the United States, but the dailies are loath to acknowledge the changes of the past two decades. Where else today can the publisher's favorite columnist blithely joke that food stamps cause sickle-cell anemia?

It is impossible to say how Mississippi's recent history might have been altered by the presence of a strong, enlightened editorial voice in Jackson—a respectable daily or even a maverick weekly in the *Texas Observer* tradition. Perhaps it wouldn't have made a bit of difference; but perhaps we could have avoided the incendiary miasma that resulted in tragedy at Ole Miss and Jackson State.

"To read the Hederman press day after day," Dr. James Silver wrote a decade ago in *Mississippi: The Closed Society*, "is to understand what the people of the state believe and are prepared to defend." To a lessened but still significant degree, that holds true today.

Reality has dragged the papers some distance from the call-to-arms days of Ole Miss in 1962. They are more subdued now—perhaps sleeping off their bout with the heady wine of insurrection—and even the dread "mongrelization" is a dated issue. If anything, though, news coverage is even more abominable. A reader would hardly suspect, for example, that school desegregation in Mississippi has been a success of national significance—or that the state is about 40 per cent black. Black obits and wedding announcements are rare. The *Daily News* still puts out a "no star" edition for black homes; after a few thousand copies have been printed, the press is stopped to replace "New Activities" (formerly "Negro Activities") with financial copy for white readers.

Rev. Emmett Burns has been the NAACP's state field director for more than a year. He says he has never been approached by a Hederman reporter. "Everything we get in the paper, we've sent in to them," he says. "We've sent telegrams on controversial, explosive issues, and it was days before they were covered—and then it was way in the back of the paper."

Bill Dilday of WLBT, the nation's first black television station manager, has also been ignored by the dailies. Says Dilday: "The most important thing that WLBT has to do is to bring more news to the Jackson area. That was the first thing I became aware of when I arrived here [from Boston]—a definite lack of news about the black community, especially the positive things hap-

Lew Powell is a free-lance writer in Greenville, Miss.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pening there, and about anything happening in the country that's not in line with the traditional Mississippi thinking and ideology. This does not allow a person to weigh two sides and make a choice; he's given one side, and that's the only choice he has."

The Hedermans do not have to worry that their newsrooms will forsake the sanctioned line. Their lieutenants are trusty, and job security is more important than talk of unions or journalism reviews or press councils or minority employment. "Don't burn your bridges behind you," young reporters are warned. "The *Ledger* gets you on the way up and it gets you on the way down."

Before he retired last summer, *Ledger* executive editor Purser Hewitt included in his column this note on Hederman journalism: "One of the great things about being a newspaperman is the opportunity to rub shoulders with the great and the near-great. The Jackson press corps . . . had its annual privilege Friday of close contact with Senator John Stennis in his yearly press conference here. On these occasions he is considerate, courteous, informative and instructive, and the press lads and lassies appreciate every one of these attributes. . . ."

Jimmy Ward, editor of the *Daily News*, would not be interviewed for this article, but he had this to say in a 1962 column: "Mississippi newspaper people are accustomed to criticism, for this is one of the last remaining bastions of free expression of thought on editorial pages and a beachhead of honor where reporters continue sincere and conscientious efforts to report unshellacked facts on happenings of the day—news accounts without sociological goo crammed between the lines."

In this atmosphere reporters seldom take the initiative on sensitive subjects. A.B. Albritton, who now is managing editor of the *South Mississippi Sun*, recalls doing "some pretty stout stuff" on Klan bombings in the early 1960s, when he was a 21-year-old *Ledger* reporter. "It got no reaction one way or the other from anybody at the paper," he says, though police were impressed enough to station a guard at his home. A former *Daily News* reporter had a different experience when he turned in a piece on the hazards of swimming in the Pearl River, where a Jackson youth had drowned the day before. "It sat on [the news editor's] desk for a month, because, I was told, the Hedermans owned property on the river," says Jimmy Gentry, now a sports editor of the *Columbia* (Mo.) *Daily Tribune*. "Then another kid drowned, and the story ran the next day."

Davis Smith is now practicing law in Jackson after more than three years on the *Daily News*. His personal turning point was the 1970 Jackson State incident in which two blacks died in a barrage of police bullets. Young and green, Smith covered the story alone. "I don't think anybody understood the gravity of the story; it was just another 'nigger killing' to them," he says. "I believed the police, until I got my first insight into what really happened from reading what others wrote. The experience really enlightened me."

Smith was naive; the *Ledger*'s George Whittington, who never gave up on presenting the discredited "exchange of gunfire" account as fact, was willfully biased. From Whittington's front-page story on one of the victims' funeral: "Ultra-liberal members of Congress, some seeking re-election in states with pivotal Negro votes, visited the city . . . and denounced officers who fired back at sniping students." Columnist Tom Ethridge added that "Each visiting meddler is more or less a tool of pressure groups, hard on the South and easy on communism."

But while controversies point up the bias of the Hederman papers, it is the studied emptiness of their day-to-day product that probably does the most harm. Compare their performance during a random week (January 1 to 7) with that of your own newspapers:

¶There is almost no local news. In a daily average of 58 pages the *Clarion-Ledger* has fewer than two staff-bylined stories. Its most prominent one is a 27-inch report on construction of a Western auto warehouse.

¶In the absence of local copy, both papers rely on the Associated Press to fill their hard-news pages. Elsewhere, tepid Copley News Service features predominate —this week, between them, the papers ran a remarkable fifty-two bylined Copley stories.

¶Congress convened this week, and each paper had several front-page stories on the state delegation. One of them concluded that the Stennis-Eastland "record of bringing major benefits to their home state is almost without parallel in the Senate." Another unbylined piece recalled how Eastland "in just the second year of a prospective long and glorious history, changed the course of history" when he supported Truman for Vice President.

¶If you are black, you had best look elsewhere for news of your community. The *Ledger* had a feature on food stamps this week, the *Daily News* one on the Neighborhood Youth Corps. There were numerous black faces in sports but none in society. A few press releases from groups like the Urban League were buried here and there.

¶There are no liberal or moderate editorial-page columnists in the Hederman press, unless you count Jack Anderson, Evans and Novak and Art Buchwald. Otherwise, opinion runs the gamut from James J. Kilpatrick to Holmes Alexander to Max Rafferty. Then there is Dr. George W. Crane, whose topic this week was "Pantyhose, Pill Major Cause of Loose Morals." Local columnist Ethridge inveighed against Cuban immigration. "Seems to us," he wrote, "it would be much fairer and better for Uncle Sam to oust Castro and establish a truly democratic regime. . . ." Even all this thunder on the Right, however, is preferable to editorials such as "Modern Roads Save Lives" and "Frostbite Winter Hazard" and reprints from *South Central Bell Notes*.

The original Bob and Tom Hederman, the story goes, were recruited from the wilds of Scott County in 1894 by their cousin, who put them to work as apprentices on his *Clarion-Ledger*. They bought his print shop in 1902 and the *Ledger* in 1920.

The following excerpt from Tom's eulogy in 1948 tells a great deal about the philosophy of the family and their church:

"Bob Hederman told me that he and his brother, out of their meager earnings, had put money into the savings bank every week for 40 years . . . and when the awful crash of '29 came, it found the Hederman brothers with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great possessions, all paid for, and that forty years of savings with interest. I tell this to encourage young people to believe they can do likewise. . . ."

Said the *Baptist Record*: "So far as we know, he was the only editor of a largely circulated daily paper in Mississippi who stood for prohibition without exceptions. The word 'compromise' was not in his vocabulary. . . ."

Financially and morally, the second generation has kept the faith. Brothers Bob Jr., Zach and Henry, and cousin Tom Jr. have expanded the empire into television, real estate and politics while maintaining the publishing base. As a family they are pious, austere, philanthropic and xenophobic. "The Hedermans personify the old Mississippi," says Jerry DeLaughter, a former *Clarion-Ledger* reporter who headed the Mississippi Institute of Politics. "They live by a morality of their own definition. They think what they are doing is for the good of the people."

Tom Jr., editor of the *Ledger*, did not respond to requests for an interview for this article. He is an alumnus of Mississippi College, a Baptist school of which he is now board president, and the Columbia University graduate School of Journalism. (The family's relationship with M.C. was alluded to in *Geronimo Rex*, a 1970 novel by alumnus Barry Hannah: "The name Hedermansever was given the college when it was saved financially in 1920 by the first of a long line of gloomy jingoes by that name.")

Largely because of Hederman resistance, M.C. (and Baptist Hospital, another family philanthropy) fought desegregation to the last ditch. Only last summer did city officials break with the Hederman line and decide to reopen swimming pools, closed years ago to evade the problem of desegregation.

Bob Jr., publisher of both papers, bluntly revealed his journalistic credo in a 1953 court proceeding. Asked if he disagreed with the idea (somewhat ludicrously attributed to his uncle Tom in his obituary) that a newspaper should be operated "not as a private sinecure but as a public trust," he answered: "That's correct."

There is scant hope that the Hedermans will ever voluntarily reform their view on race, religion or journalism. They will continue to pay low salaries, to condone inept and slanted reporting, to encourage racist columnists, to publish two dailies that must rank with the worst in the nation. But even the Hedermans cannot turn back every wave of change.

Television has helped. As late as 1964 one Jackson station's newscast consisted of an announcer thumbing through one of the dailies and passing along the interesting items. Now three commercial stations compete, and the result has been a marked overall increase in the availability of news. Black personnel and stories have become common at all three. The Hedermans own 40 per cent of WJTV but have exercised little news influence in recent years—being cognizant, no doubt, of the landmark FCC decision which stripped Lamar Life Broadcasting Co. of its WLBT license for practicing racial discrimination in programming.

The Hedermans have also suffered major political setbacks. Traditionally, their papers back different gubernatorial candidates in the first Democratic primary, then unite behind the winner in the second. In 1971, however, they went all out against Bill Waller, the eventual winner, and he responded by pitching his campaign against them and the rest of the old-line "Capitol Street Gang." The Hedermans conjured up the familiar last-minute smear stories (accusing Waller, a deacon at First Baptist, of hosting a Sunday beer bust and meeting secretly with black activists), but this time they didn't excite anybody. A sometime moderate, Waller has followed through on his promise to purge the Hedermans from their six seats on state boards; only one remains. The papers regularly harass Waller for real and imagined faults, but the abuse looks too much like sour grapes to be effective. Their crusades for prohibition and segregation irrevocably lost, the Hedermans now face the embarrassment of being thought a political liability.

On a more visionary plane, the American Civil Liberties Union of Mississippi (ACLU/M) and the Washington-based Media Access Project are investigating the possibility of antitrust action against the two dailies.

In 1953, when they were still separate entities, *Daily News* owner-editor Frederick Sullens took the Hedermans to court when he discovered them buying his paper out from under him. The trial bared bushels of dirty linen, including a sham corporation set up to fix advertising and subscription rates, and the court voided the Hederman takeover. But Sullens was financially exhausted and soon sold out. "I may be a prostitute," he told his employees, "but I'm the highest-paid he-whore in the country." Within two years a group of advertisers, unhappy with the Hederman monopoly's rates and practices, formed the afternoon *State Times*. It had a good staff and a relatively enlightened view of the world. But the Hedermans had habit on their side—the comic-strip monopoly was a big advantage—and the *State Times* never quite managed to establish a distinct, positive image that would draw enough readers away from the *Daily News* and the *Ledger*. More to the point, advertisers—even some of those who helped found the new paper—stayed with the Hedermans. The *State Times* folded in 1962.

The ACLU'S current interest stems from the Hedermans' refusal to accept ads for abortion referral or for R- and X-rated movies. Theatre owners discussed filing suit, according to ACLU/M officials, but backed off after having to beg to have even their PG ads printed and phone numbers listed for Rs and Xs.

National ACLU policy sees the First Amendment as providing absolute freedom to newspapers to print what they please.

I am 29, and have lived nearly all my life in Mississippi. Like many others in the northern half of the state, I was reared on the *Commercial Appeal*. In the South the "alternative" paper is the *Times-Picayune* in New Orleans. These, though, are outside voices with a professional but ultimately marginal interest in Mississippi —rather like, say, *The New York Times* in Newark. When James Meredith entered Ole Miss in 1962, white students like me did not look to Memphis for guidance.

Sporadic efforts have been made to create an alterna-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive press in Jackson. Hazel Brannon Smith, Pulitzer Prize-winning editor of the *Lexington Advertiser*, put out a raggedy Jackson weekly that served mainly as an outlet for her column until she sold it last month. The most recent entry, a tabloid fortnightly called *Southstyle*, ran out of money after two months.

If you live in an area where journalism is alive and kicking, it is probably difficult for you to work up much sympathy for the ill-informed masses in Mississippi. You are accustomed to living in and benefiting from a media cross fire of fact and opinion. So it is understandable, if a bit arrogant, that you may ask: Well, really, don't we pretty much get the newspapers we deserve?

Not necessarily. Why does Los Angeles merit the *Times* while San Francisco suffers the *Chronicle*? What is it about Chicago that sustains four dailies to New York's three? What have the people of Manchester, N.H., done to deserve the *Union Leader*?

If there is no grass-roots uproar against the Jackson papers, no demand for more news and diverse opinion, no complaint when "the Negro" is used as second reference in a story, it is at least partly because so many know only the Hederman press. But if ignorance is an acceptable plea for readers, it is not for newspaper publishers.

Even twenty years ago, when the *Clarion-Ledger* and *Daily News* were in lockstep with the thinking of most whites, Mississippi deserved better—if only an occasional hint that kamikaze resistance was not the only alternative available to honorable men. Now it seems that the more the state changes, the more the Hederman papers remain the same. They are besieged by the times but hardly threatened. It is a bleak prospect. □

STREETS AND TRAINS OF CHINA

PATRICIA BEADLES YU

In a crowded Peking bus, we overheard two little girls. The first exclaimed, "The Temple of Heaven, that's a lot of fun! Have you been to the garden in the Forbidden City?" The second: "Yes, my father took me there last year, and promises to take me to the Summer Palace before the time of the Moon Festival."

It sounds like dialogue from *The Dream of the Red Chamber*, depicting the life of the Chinese gentry, but these were the daughters of factory workers en route to school. Their amiable chatter was evidence that today in China the ornate temples of former emperors have become their playgrounds, the lavish private homes and gardens of past aristocrats their parks, and the beautiful lake of the Imperial Summer Palace their swimming pool.

During a two and a half month unguided visit to the People's Republic of China, my husband and I spent the greater part of our time wandering about freely, eating in the neighborhood restaurants, riding on local busses and visiting public parks. The people we met were not the leaders and experts; they were the ordinary folk. Their words, their responses to the world around them, moved us far more than do those of the guides, whose principal job is to mouth the same phrases, the same slogans, to an unending succession of visitors. China has been much analyzed and overinterpreted, so perhaps by relating our casual conversations and personal impressions, we can help to add another dimension to present perceptions of China.

In China, foreign guests are people to be treated with the utmost courtesy, to be given accommodations at the most comfortable hotels and tickets for the best seats at dance and opera performances. They are seen in groups with guides, looking from the windows of shiny new "Made in Shanghai" busses, riding in chauffeured cars or entering the doors of hotels for foreigners. The Overseas Chinese, traveling on his own and staying in the "next best" hotels, has the luxury of wandering about freely and coming into contact with the people.

Traveling independently as Overseas Chinese, we applied individually to the cities we wished to visit. When permission was granted, we were free to make our own arrangements as to how long we wished to stay, and what we did while there. Beginning in Canton, we went northward through central China to Peking, and returned to the South along China's eastern coast. We traveled through ten provinces and visited twelve cities.

Upon arriving in a city, we would buy a map that showed the bus routes. Some of our most interesting experiences were had when we picked a People's bus at random and rode it to the end of the line. We would then spend the day exploring the area and eating at local restaurants.

Being brown-haired and blue-eyed, yet dressed in Chinese-style clothing, speaking Chinese and wandering unguided in the streets, I attracted curious stares of disbelief. We heard it conjectured that I was Albanian or Canadian, and when I spoke Chinese, it would be whispered confidently that I was a member of one of the minority races from the outer regions of the Northwest. When we were together, people would often assume that my husband was my guide.

We preferred the local restaurants to the hotels. However, being the first foreigner to eat in many of them for more than a generation was sometimes embarrassing. From my diary in Peking:

> If Bob goes alone to restaurants or on busses, he is treated as one of the people; he is given no special con-

Patricia Beadles Yu and her husband, Robert Lin-I Yu, are the photographers and research consultants for a film strip series on China to be released by Salanger Educational Media of Los Angeles. They have lectured on China at several colleges and universities across the United States. Both are fluent in Chinese.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sideration and doesn't interrupt the ongoing scene. When I'm along, I feel as if I'm disrupting things. They'll serve us ahead of the others, find a table in the coolest spot and especially clean it off. Restaurants are always crowded and busy, thus it makes extra work for the waiters and certainly isn't fair to those next in line. Sometimes it makes me feel that I don't belong there, that these are for the people and why don't I eat in the hotel restaurants provided for me?

And when riding the bus, the ticket girl, unaware that I understand, will call out to the passengers that a foreigner is aboard and will someone please give up their seat?

Happily, in some smaller restaurants I was treated like anyone else, would wait in line and find a table on my own. On busses when no one offered me a seat, it was a nice feeling not to be singled out. But Chinese hospitality to outsiders was in evidence everywhere. They felt that I was a guest and should naturally be given special consideration. People thought me a bit strange if I insisted upon waiting my turn.

On the streets, people would sometimes walk up and talk with us. This was true in the North and in small towns. In other places such as Canton, they would eye the foreigner in their midst curiously, silently. Children, of course, were the boldest, and frequently the narrow lanes and alleys of residential areas would become clogged with clusters of these small ones following in excited glee.

Once, a crowd of well over 500 gathered, actually blocking traffic. The children were delighted to learn that we were from America, and told us that I was the first foreigner they had ever seen. The bolder ones asked me to take off my straw hat so they could better see my strange "yellow-colored" hair. A number of adults followed along, torn between their own curiosity and their parental duty to make the children return home. Suddenly, we heard some of the children whisper among themselves, "The policeman is coming!" The policemen are selected from their community. Known by everyone, they wear no uniforms, carry no guns and have no special cars or motorcycles. They are on hand to take care of problems which arise in their own neighborhood. This policeman was an ordinary-looking fellow with a wrinkled shirt and baggy pants. He entered the crowd and pleaded with the children saying, "She's only a human being like the rest of you." When this failed to disperse the assemblage, he gave us a rather apologetic smile, shrugged his shoulders and walked away, probably consoling himself that this wasn't an everyday occurrence.

It was interesting to hear Chinese views of the way Westerners dress. On several occasions, my husband was able to blend in with the crowd and listen to their observations when foreign tourists were guided by. Generally, their first comment was that the quality of the material was very good. A group of men laughed at the bell-bottom pants of one tourist and whispered, "They are so tight that he wiggles like a girl." One woman's fancy dress brought the remark from two girls, "Ai! She looks as if she is going to perform on stage!"

Peking's Forbidden City, a former residence of emperors, is now a huge museum and public park. People wander for hours through the maze of courtyards, and for a few pennies pass the day in a beautiful garden sipping tea with friends and enjoying the scenery. As we sat amongst them, a group of European tourists walked by. In their midst was a heavily made-up woman in her 60s. Clad in a red embroidered silk jacket, old-fashioned Chinese red bedroom slippers, and with wild orange hair dotted with pink rubber curlers, she was an outlandish sight for any setting. The only comment we heard was, "See that foreign woman wearing red? Very interesting." To the Chinese, she evidently looked no more bizarre than any other foreigner.

At the Forbidden City, we were impressed by the cloisonné vases, elaborately carved wooden furniture, exquisite silk curtains and extravagant jade and ivory carvings. However, one man, emerging from the palace equally impressed, announced, "Sixteen big clocks!" In China today, clocks and especially watches are highly prized. Whole rooms in department stores are devoted to watch display, and people will be found admiring and comparing them at length. Timepieces are status symbols in China, and that the Empress had sixteen big clocks meant that she was indeed rich and extravagant.

China's street scene is animated and any argument carried on with spirit and broad gestures attracts many spectators. During heated discussions, the two protagonists will often turn to the surrounding crowd to present their cases. In particularly absorbing disputes, interested passers-by join in to offer their opinions and suggestions. It becomes a real contest of debating skills. During one colorful exchange between a bicyclist and a traffic policeman, we heard the indignant bicyclist shout, to the amusement of the crowd, "Why are you picking on me? I'm not Liu Shao-chi, I'm just an ordinary citizen!"—Liu Shao-chi being China's political scapegoat. However, in spite of his disclaimer, the bicyclist got a ticket.

Between cities we traveled by train. There are four classes. "Soft bed" and "soft seat" are used primarily by Overseas Chinese and foreign tourists. Although more comfortable, they fence you off from ordinary travelers. So after one trip of "soft bed," we chose to travel exclusively on "hard bed" and "hard seat." The trains were always crowded with farmers and workers carrying their belongings balanced on bamboo poles. Chickens squawked, children cried, people dozed and talked of the summer heat, the rainfall and the rice harvest.

During one ride from Nanking to Peking, we became friends with a young soldier in the People's Liberation Army named Chen. He was on his way back to Liaoning Province in North China after spending leave time with his family in Anhui. Curious about our impressions of China, Chen leaned over and whispered, "Did you hear about the Lin Piao incident?" Inside his pocket notebook was an old picture of Chairman Mao and Lin Piao seated together during happier times. My husband was surprised that he would still carry it and asked if it was unwise. Chen reassured him: "It's how you think that's important."

The People's Liberation Army soldiers wear plain olive-colored uniforms. Except for a red star on their hat and two red bars on their jacket collar, there are no military insignia. We asked Chen how he could tell an officer from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a private. He said that "Officers usually have jackets with four pockets instead of two."

The peasant from even the most remote commune knew about Nixon's visit and the war in Vietnam, but like the average American, he had little concept of what life was like for people outside his own immediate world. One asked, "Do you have farms and factories in America?" And they inquired whether I was from the rich or the poor class. Since they were largely farmers and factory workers, they were curious about their American counterparts. "Do farmers work for a salary, or are they paid according to what they produce?" And, "Do soldiers in America help farmers in the fields, as they do here?" They wanted to know American salaries and prices. That bicycles and watches can be purchased at amounts comparable to those in China, yet that food and housing prices are in some cases fifty times higher, brought volleys of unanswered questions on economics.

I wore Chinese-made dark pants and a white shirt. They complimented me on my "conservative and practical" dress, and wanted to know how other Americans dressed. They were pleased to learn that Mao jackets were becoming a fad among the young people; that tens of thousands of Americans have applied for permission to visit their country impressed them greatly. I showed pictures of my family to these new friends. In one, my 2-year-old nephew was wearing blue tennis shoes. One man exclaimed, "Oh! And our Chinese athletic shoes are also popular with American young people!"

Being in daily contact with the people of China made us, as one peasant put it, "see China not only with your mind, but with your heart." Although I was always seen as strange, as an outsider, I began to feel a bit of the spirit that permeates life there and was filled with awe for the dynamic revolution that is China today. I wished that I, too, could feel that whatever work I did would be a contribution to a great cultural and political drama. Chinese youth have not yet lost their innocence. They have purpose, an idealistic sense of participation and service to their society.

At the same time, there is much which might disillusion the zealous Marxist theoreticians and those scholars who see China as reports and statistics which are then rearranged according to their particular bias, and expounded upon as so many parts to a puzzle. Even Chinese-American professors visiting their homeland were heard to complain that, "The way they do things here in China is just not logical." For indeed China is full of contradictions. Outside the major cities, free private markets are commonplace, and even party cadres are still known to engage in ancestor worship. The cities harbor not only alienated youth but also old bums, most of whom have also left the communes without permission. As it was explained to us, "These people generally were uncooperative and troublemakers. Unless the commune members and officials request that they be found and brought back, they fend for themselves in the cities." Since one receives no ration tickets unless one works, vagabonds are not, at this time, a major problem. Although marriage is now officially a free and independent contract, most people we asked indicated that their spouse had been "introduced to me by my parents." City folk still make jokes about country bumpkins, and one young farmer we met in the city seemed rather embarrassed that "I work the soil."

After one short generation, it is not surprising that much of the old still lingers; thus, the government makes strong efforts to change old attitudes and customs which were suppressive to the masses. In old China, there was a traditional disdain for people who worked with their hands, and women were considered inferior. Now, the media laud the worker, the peasant and the woman who is independent and self-assertive. In all but one of the movies we saw in China, women were the central characters, the leaders. Students from the city who go to communes and choose to stay for their life's work are current heroes in much of the literature.

In the village of Shao Shan we struck up conversation with Li, a farmer. The words of this man with calloused hands, and a wrinkled face darkened by years of work in the sun, made us realize the profound changes that have taken place during his lifetime.

Old Li was born of a poor tenant farmer family. "My father worked long hours in the landlord's fields, yet he did not make enough to feed our family. My mother carried me on her back while she begged, and when I was old enough, I begged on my own." For Chinese New Year, "We had no meat, no vegetables, no special New Year's cakes. On this day, along with the other tenant farmers, we would go to the landlord's house to beg for rice." He spoke simply and matter-of-factly.

Now, his family has its own pigs and chickens to kill for the New Year's celebration. Li lives as Chinese peasants have for centuries, with his wife, children and grandchildren in a mud farmhouse. But, unlike his ancestors, he has security in working cooperatively with his neighbors on the land, sharing in decision making and taking from the harvest according to the amount he has labored. Because the people work together, floods and droughts no longer mean mass famine. Along with working on the communal land, Li's family also has a small private plot on which it can grow vegetables for their own use. This year, the family is raising winter melon and squash.

We asked what was the main influence that the new government has had on his life today, and he said, "Well, now I have freedom." To him, freedom is something very basic. It is freedom from hunger, freedom to marry and have children with the knowledge that he can support them. Freedom to the hundreds of millions of Chinese who were illiterate is the privilege of having their children attend school, and the guarantee that they will be given steady employment upon graduation.

In the fields, old Li has no set days or hours, but is given points for the time he does work. Therefore, if he feels sick or has other affairs to attend to, he doesn't go to the fields. However, he said, "I try to go every day and help as much as possible. My health is not good and all my friends tell me to take it easy, but I cannot. I feel I should work hard. I want to set an example to my children and to the others. I must not think of my ills, but of the harvest." The members of the commune were working night and day to gather the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rice and get ready for the second planting. Although we had talked for only a short time, we sensed that he wanted to return to the fields. We shook his hand and thanked him for talking with us.

In the rolling green hills of Hunan Province, we wandered up a small pathway to a cluster of farmhouses. A man in his 40s emerged. He was a Northerner and spoke Chinese with the classical Peking accent. Hearing his voice alone, one might conjure up the image of an old scholar in a long silk gown, but this man looked and lived like a peasant. He had been educated at Peking's Agricultural Research Institute and was an expert in rice-paddy irrigation. He had been living in the country for two years, working with commune members in the fields and consulting with them on problems of water usage. In a few years he would be sent elsewhere where his technical skills were needed. He was easy to talk to and enjoyed explaining things, yet did not drone on about the theory of the social revolution; he was living it. What he had to show us was what he was daily involved with, growing crops and finding ways to increase production and self-reliance on the commune. Hunan was experiencing a drought. As he explained, "Here in the South, we receive more rain than anywhere else in China. However, it's not a consistent rainfall and it has been almost two months since we've had a shower." The rice harvest was in trouble. We asked if people would declare crop failure and request state aid. He replied, "We are determined to rely upon ourselves, and not on the state. We believe that we can overcome these difficulties." He then led us over to a river, where several young men were putting a water pump together. He continued, "We will pump as much water as we can from that river bed and try to save some of the rice."

Like others with specialized training whose skills are needed in the rural areas, this man lives apart from his wife and children, whom he visits one month a year in Peking. He could have stayed at the housing of the commune headquarters; instead, he chose to live with a peasant family. As we were talking with him, the family's little daughter came out and shyly hid behind him, tugging on his shirt, saying, "Uncle! Uncle! Hurry and get done talking so you can come and finish our story. It's almost dark!" We could see that he was very much a part of this family. It was late and he hadn't eaten or washed yet, so we bade them farewell and "Uncle" Kan and the small child disappeared into the house. □

The Antifederalists Told Us So

JOHN S. ROSENBERG

George Clinton, Benjamin Workman, Robert Yates, George Mason—these names are hardly on the tip of every schoolchild's tongue, yet there is much that we could learn from them today. They were leading Antifederalists, men in the forefront of the struggle against the adoption of the Constitution, and as such they missed the boat to Founding Fatherhood.

Now that Watergate has produced a serious constitutional confrontation almost in the shadow of the Revolutionary bicentennial, those historians engaged in the search for a usable past are sure to be joined by a host of lawyers plumbing "the intent of the framers" on such matters as executive privilege and the separation of powers, of journalists and politicians ferreting out comments left and right from the hallowed Signers in support of every contention from impeachment to coronation. But despite, and in the midst of, this flurry of historical activity, the men who have the most to say to us, the Antifederalists, are likely to be overlooked, their warnings as unheeded now as nearly 200 years ago. They are mute, or rather we cannot hear what they would say, because most of us persist in seeing American history as a series of victories, and the Antifederalists are definitely among history's big losers. The mainstream of our history has passed them by, leaving them largely invisible except to an occasional graduate student on the way to general exams. The apparent success of the Constitution they opposed has seemed to prove their fears groundless, the lessons they would teach not worth learning. And yet if they could speak to us now, they would certainly be saying, "We told you so!"

Of course they told us many things, for there were as many objections to the Constitution as there were objectors. Common to all their criticisms, however, was the fear that the new government would be too powerful, the barriers against oppression too weak. Many of them singled out the proposed President as being especially threatening. Asked "Philadelphiensis" (probably Benjamin Workman), "Who can deny but the *president general* will be a *king* to all intents and purposes, and one of the most dangerous kind too; a king elected to command a standing army? Thus our laws are to be administered by this *tyrant*. . . ." Fear of the President as Tyrant was widespread among the Antifederalists. Typical of their concern over the dangers inherent in the new office was a letter "To The Citizens of New York" from "Cato" (George Clinton): "The deposit of vast trusts in the hands of a single magistrate enables him in their exercise to create a numerous train of dependents; this tempts his *ambition*, which in a republican magistrate is also remarked to be *pernicious*, and the duration of his office for any considerable time favors his views, gives him the means and time to perfect and execute his designs. . . ."

One proposed power of the President that came in for repeated criticism was his power to grant pardons. Perhaps George Mason of Virginia was even more prescient

John Rosenberg teaches American history at Bucknell University and is completing a dissertation at Stanford on "The Left in the South."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than he feared when he commented, "The President of the United States has the unrestrained power of granting pardon for treason; which may be sometimes exercised to screen from punishment those whom he had secretly instigated to commit the crime, and thereby prevent a discovery of his own guilt."

The Federalists replied to these attacks by arguing that the President would not become a tyrant because his powers were limited, not so much by the "parchment barriers" in the Constitution, in Madison's phrase, as by the checks and balances that would result from the separation of governmental power into three branches. But to the Antifederalists these checks and balances were woefully inadequate. It was self-evident to them that Power would abuse and trample Liberty unless it was restrained by safeguards far stronger and more durable than those the Constitution gingerly placed around the President. "There will be no checks, no real balances, in this government," Patrick Henry declared in the Virginia debates over ratification. "What can avail your specious, imaginary balances, your rope-dancing, chain-rattling, ridiculous ideal checks and contrivances?"

With the powerful exception of a Bill of Rights that was added to the original document, these arguments were to no avail. Although the Constitution was adopted only after a fierce struggle that was very close in several states (Charles Beard implied that a fair vote would have defeated it), the Antifederalists have generally been repudiated by succeeding generations, where they have not been ignored. They have been portrayed by historians as narrow, backward-looking, pessimistic old men. As Prof. Cecilia Kenyon put it in an important essay summing up this view, they were "Men of Little Faith"—little faith in the possibility of republican government over a large territory, little faith in political leaders refraining from tyranny, even little faith in the people. They distrusted human nature, especially the nature of men in power; they were in fact so afraid of political power that they would restrain it to death and prevent America from realizing its potential for greatness. But fortunately, so the argument goes, their caution was overridden and replaced by the energetic and forward-looking "Founding Fathers: Young Men of the Revolution" (another important essay), men not afraid to seize and wield power on a grand scale. As Alexander Hamilton candidly admitted, "I acknowledge my aversion to every project that is calculated to disarm the government of a single weapon which in any possible contingency might be usefully employed for the general defense and security."

Conrad, Los Angeles Times

This veneration for strong government among historians has been paralleled by a similar post-New Deal consensus among politicians and commentators. Whether it has been to create a New Deal or build a Great Society or protect national security or fight creeping communism, both sides of the political spectrum have converged in believing that a strong President is a panacea for what ails or threatens us. Liberal and conservative alike, we have lost our fear of concentrated political power. Now the occurrence of the Watergate crisis just as the bicentennial approaches gives us the opportunity—indeed, requires us—to re-examine these values and assumptions.

The lesson of Watergate need not be that both the Antifederalist fears and the Presidential claims are correct—that Nixon's lawyer, Charles Alan Wright, is right when he argues that the Constitution bestowed nearly unlimited powers on his client. Certainly the framers found those arguments false and exaggerated, and much in the *Federalist Papers* was devoted to refuting them. Though he secretly wished them true, even Hamilton ridiculed the fears that the Chief Executive would be all-powerful, noting that "The authorities of a magistrate, in few instances greater, in some instances less, than those of a governor of New York, have been magnified into more than royal prerogatives."

We need not urge Senator Ervin's committee to call for a new Constitutional Convention to scrap the work of the last one. But if we are serious about breathing new life into those vaunted checks and balances whose weakness the Antifederalists so perceptively lamented, then in the months and years ahead we had better pay close attention to their arguments and not simply celebrate those of their more successful and hence more famous peers, the Founding Fathers. Otherwise, we may be faced with the cruel irony of poor George Clinton proving to be more prophetic than his victorious antagonists. He tried to warn us "that if the President is possessed of ambition, he has power and time sufficient to ruin his country." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FALL POETRY ISSUE

Talk Straight as the Greek

HERMETIC DEFINITION. *By H.D. New Directions. 117 pp. $8.75. Paper $3.25.*

JANE MAYHALL

H.D.'s (Hilda Doolittle's) final published work, *Hermetic Definition*, is an achievement that must be called exemplary. This collection of long poems, written between 1957 and her death in 1961, each poem in its varying way subtle, pure, exacting, articulate, is a living challenge to those who, in writing, would aspire to honesty and excellence. Not only to those, but to the sages of apocalypse, our desperate slogan makers and high-priest confessors—purporting to deal with the facts, without system or lies. In H.D.'s *Hermetic Definition*, a relatively slim volume, the character of the person and the vitality of the poetic ideas combine to stand as a vast, truth-telling apex. Though she would have been the first to throw out the grandiloquent summing up.

What is the magic of H.D.? As her work becomes more comprehensible, the quality seems more difficult to grasp. Contrary to what is assumed, the temper of her poems remains as antithetical to our day as it was to 1911, when she was 25 years old, and the air was thick with rhetoric and sentimental clichés clogged the brain. In 1912, from London, where they were both young expatriates, Ezra Pound sent H.D.'s poems to Harriet Monroe with enthusiastic recommendation. "It's straight talk," he said, "straight as the Greek!" It was Pound, in his own great period of clarity and ebullience, who bestowed the title *Les Imagistes* upon the insurgent London group, H.D., Richard Aldington (to whom she was married for twenty-four years), D. H. Lawrence, F. S. Flint and John Gould Fletcher. But it was initially for H.D. the title was conceived. What Pound saw in her poems was what, presumably, the Greeks had possessed, a high degree of artisanship and a total naturalness. The creed of the Imagists was for the "hard, clear language," and rendering words "exactly," and not to deal in "vague generalities, however magnificent and sonorous."

As the only woman member of the group at the time (Amy Lowell entered the picture later, more militant and evangelizing), H.D. was no predatory self-infatuate, seeking out the puritanical purities and emotional escapes. What may come as a surprise, and especially on reading the last book which throws light on all those preceding, is that H.D. was a very whole, sophisticated being. What belonged to her nature was an extraordinary lucidity, along with sexually free insights on life, love and her own psyche. In this sense, though, she did not have it "made." Like Emily Dickinson, who spent her life using words (anguished or ironic) battling the idiom of the majority and phony conceits, every line was passed through by arduous ways. In Part One of the title poem, H.D. writes,

> *I need no rosary*
> *of sesame,*
> *only the day's trial,*
> *reality . . .*

The reference may be to the situation of illness; she had broken her hip, and was confined to the Küsnacht hospital in Switzerland where much of the book was written. But it is also, in its latent texture and assumptions, based on the demands of art. The habits of endurance are perceived. The trial is in the labors of selectivity, the discipline that must attend the heart's vision. From the earliest, H.D. set out to maintain her standards against overwhelming odds. Whether we would agree with her or not, it is something to realize that while she remained in London through both World Wars, and experienced the dangers and bloody horrors of air raids, the sight of pain and death, she continued, as by ironclad will, to affirm and celebrate physical beauty, and attitudes of joy.

The Greek concepts stuck with her. Pound was right about H.D., and on how many different levels we may never know. From the first innovative poems, *Sea Garden* (1913), through and past the *Collected*, the poetic intent had its triple weave. Not only was there the breaking up of language, and a conscious use of mythological Greek figures, but there was always the uninhibited excursion into sensual being and timelessness. We can still be affected, as by a voluptuous memory, reading the early "Orchard" poem,

> *I saw the first pear*
> *as it fell—*
> *the honey-seeking, golden-banded . . .*

and, of course, the chiseled fragments of the "Oread,"

> *Whirl up, sea—*
> *Whirl your pointed pines.*
> *Splash your great pines*
> *On our rocks . . .*

H.D. was the consummate pagan, genial, haughty, electing to cleanse the mind of its banalities. She empathized with organic matter, plants, rocks, rainfall; the sense of erotic pleasure was at one with sunlight and flowers. Politics and commerce were left to the marketplace. In this, she resembled E. E. Cummings and Marianne Moore, in the attempt to divert the language from its evil, destructive vein, and its obsession with a materialistic vocabulary. Though to assert, as some of her critics (and supporters also) have, that she had no "formal" philosophical belief, or ideas that might assuage a sick humanity, I feel is incorrect. No artist can be so consistent, and constantly inventive and alive, without some primary or intelligent motive. H.D. was regarded as the only "true" Imagist (though she disavowed that, and all labels) for a multitude of reasons. She seems never to have written a line that was out of touch with physical experience. If she did not identify her characters, she did not betray them.

Too, the individuality of viewpoint unleashed imagination. The gods, or names of ancient peoples and places, Zeus, Lais, Crete, the famous "islands" were not mere word designs. They represented a specific moment in the psychological framework and tell us of a personal event, and a philosophical outlook. It is amusing (and reassuring)

Jane Mayhall's most recent book of poems is called Givers & Takers 2 *(Eakins). Her short story, "The Enemy," appears in* O. Henry Prize Stories *for 1973.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to learn that when H.D. was analyzed by Freud, she retained her own language about him. For the penultimate scientist of the mind, she employed terms relating to "music" and mythological colorations. No disrespect was intended. In her extraordinary, and sometimes terrifying journal, *Tribute to Freud,* he is mainly represented as a saving "master." But it is one of those unqualified glimpses into a different linguistic emphasis. In their attempts to communicate, Freud as doctor, H.D. as patient, a sympathetic sense of words was evident on both sides. Of this new "Apollo" and intellectual "Socrates," H.D. said, "He is the infinitely old symbol weighing the Soul Psyche in the Balance."

Coming to *Hermetic Definition,* it can be seen that the verbal energies were at the peak of a new self-renewal. As Norman Holmes Pearson writes in his modest, intuitive Foreword (which is also full of the wonderful information that the quality of H.D.'s interests would bring out) the drive was going deeper, was "more probing" and "daemonic." In the title poem, there is nothing "hermetic" in the sense of a mental recluse. Actually, the term implies the spirit of "ancient wisdom," that of Isis taking "many forms." The latter quote is H.D.'s. Her multilingual capabilities, French, German, English, and the freedom with which she moved among cultures, Christian, classical and Egyptian, not to mention her familiarity with tribal myth and large universal references, may represent an inner world—but one not likely to be predominantly closed.

The three sections of the first part are, unabashedly, love poems. They are "Red Rose and a Beggar," "Groves of Academe" and "Star of Day," and were written in 1960 when H.D. was well into her 70s. Like Colette, she was not corrupted by growing old. The freshness, long view, the concentrated particulars take us into a life with allusions, named places, geographic cross-pollinations, desire and torment. The short lines have a conversational tone, pages from a diary or jottings of a poet. The subject is of a search, a woman seeking herself through the Eternal Lover. It cannot be said that this is the conventional female pandering to a male ego. It is a woman looking to discover, in a man, parts of her own best nature or some difference that will ennoble and delight. She writes of the double enchantment, impersonal, yet intimate. Appreciation of one sex for another may be translated into botanical images:

I breathe the aloes, the acacia
of your senses, tropic red spike,
trumpet flowers, indigo petal-drift

of your remembrance,
and in your promesse d'îles,
there was perhaps

no such place as this,
which, through antithesis,
may share super-abundance.

The loved one, as it happens, is himself a poet. The blend of physical passion with intelligent dialogue (as she comments upon and asks questions of his world) suggests a possible, delicious camaraderie. And again, at the end of the poem:

We meet in antithesis;
no need to speak, to heed one another.

There is no conventional grab, or trying to have jurisdiction over another person. The love quest is, at its basis, profound. The creature of love, therefore, may not be selfish or a fool. And throughout the poem, it is made clear, the Eternal Lover is not one, but several men. The structure of the poem is, as it were, a clover-chain of meaningful encounters. The actors move in and out of haunted memories (symbolically presented, in one instance, as Bar-Isis, the son of Isis) to the specific, the aforementioned poet, and a Haitian she met twice, and a decathlon star whose newspaper photograph had reminded the Greek H.D. of Olympia.

Only a style as liquid and wily, and consciously indirect, could have sustained these odd admixtures. There is the perfectly timed intrusion of one thought upon another, and each stanza and part comes to us without forcing or calculation. It is no wonder that in many quarters H.D. is yet regarded as a sort of creative fountainhead. Poets like Robert Creeley, Denise Levertov and Robert Duncan (who calls this book a "primary testament of poetry") and the numerous, serious others unacknowledged, prose writers included, have undoubtedly over the years taken sustenance from her. H.D.'s language, like that of D.H. Lawrence, can make us want to write. Her manner is infectious, the intensity and poetic heat.

But the quality is of the flesh. In the last poem, "Winter Love," the protagonist is Helen of Troy. It is Helen in afterlife, dwelling on the mythical island of Leuké, married to Achilles (though he has also become an afterthought, having returned to his mother, Thetis, "absorbed, reclaimed by his own element . . ."), and while Helen's mind is attached to events of past existence, their reality is overpowering. Though separated from earth, life is still alive, tactile and of immediate concern. There is always one more lover beckoning. He may be death, truth, memory itself, or finally her own self-realization. Again, resembling Emily Dickinson, the ideas are so concentrated they have the effect of gems, throwing light in a hundred directions.

Most interestingly, "Winter Love" is subtitled "Esperance." Which means a state of hope, trust, expectation. And that is the last potent force, drawing Helen on. Hope, and yielding to hope, is the most seductive love dream of all. Brought to us by wisdom, at the end of life, it is also the most cruel.

I am delirious now and mean to be,
the whole earth shudders with my ecstasy,
take Esperance away;

cruel, cruel Sage-Femme,
to place him in my arms,
cruel, cruel, Grande Dame. . . .

Hope is, perhaps, a Child, the child of Achilles, it would seem, or even "the fantasy of Paris." Lovers, husbands, high points of life, subtle births, intrinsic moments, in retrospect are interchangeable. Notably, if art is a distillation, H.D. on facing death and cut off from the past, in reality the prisoner of illness in the hospital room at Küsnacht, did at this juncture manage to work her own predicament into a sublime essence.

I die in agony whether I give or do not give;
Cruel, cruel Sage-Femme,

wiser than all the regents of God's throne,
why do you torture me?
come, come O Esperance,

Esperance, O Golden bee,
take life afresh and if you must,
so slay me.

Why clothe the truth in symbols? we may ask. Or try to bring to bear a compassionate or ideal vision, when the subject is so sad and doomed? H.D. is the kind of writer we might think to pass by. But the fact is, by mere presence she engenders a form of threat. To understand or abide her insights is a mortal demand. The job is too big, the time is too late. Besides, we've already chosen our weapons.

Inadvertently, I am reminded of a recent talk I had with a distinguished male scholar. "But my dear," he said, "there will always be wars." "Why?" I said. His answer was, "Because there always were!"

Which relevancy would take a while to explain. But it fits the local premises, the inevitability of the worst. On the literary scene, it's only a short step to adapt to what you hate, even making an ethic of assault and violation. Of course,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the mix is tricky, the animal-snarling life posited as accurate; the more it hurts, the better for you it is. But in reading H.D. certain differing interpretations leap to mind. In the current self-punishing rites (billed in art as liberating violence) may there not be seen one of the more vicious American throwbacks, and trend toward the old puritanism? Admittedly, the matter is complex.

H.D. was a pagan, a lover of life and rebel against the accepted order. She was too, I think, among the first survival-conservationists. Against the deadwood of an increasingly materialistic world, she tried to keep alive sane, natural, human values. The position she took was never popular. Without overstressing, one can note, she liked to remember that as a child in Bethlehem, Pa., she had been baptized a Moravian. This was an ancient persecuted sect, from the 15th century, of which one of the later underground splinter groups called itself "The Hidden Seed." □

Poets in Crisis: Two Americans

ABSENCES. *By James Tate. Atlantic Monthly Press/Little, Brown. 109 pp. $5.95. Paper $1.95.*

OBSCENITIES. *By Michael Casey. Yale University Press. 68 pp. $5. Paper $1.95.*

CHARLES MOLESWORTH

Artists are always open to the charge of confronting crisis by retreating into dreams. Such a retreat does not completely abandon reality, of course; it may celebrate and even rectify reality by crediting the mundane with the power to amaze. As many poets have discovered recently, the traditional strategies of European and South American surrealism offer one way to cope with the insane surfaces of life in America. Such strategies insist on the worth of ordinary subjects corrected by the higher validity of dreams, especially when all that offers itself as the officially real is in fact nightmarish. The "future transmutation," of which Breton spoke, "of those two seemingly contradictory states, dream and reality" might already have occurred. We have but to watch the nightly television newscast fade into a commercial praising an oil company for its own ecological good conscience to be convinced of this.

What has been called American surrealism has become the province of several poets, such as Bill Knott, Michael Benedikt and Mark Strand, to name three diverse examples. Many other poets use surrealist techniques and write about subjects characteristically American and mundane. James Tate, the youngest person ever chosen in the Yale Younger Poets series, has increasingly been drawn to this aesthetic, and his third book, *Absences,* is almost completely dominated by it. In this new book, the three long poem sequences that form its center proceed as if Tate's private core of selfhood has been fractured, and hence is no longer recognizably private. When people react to crisis they may lose their individuality to mob fear; in Tate's case his surrealistic poems have lost much of their distinctiveness, and it is difficult not only to tell some of them apart but also to know they are his. Dreams, for all they reveal about people, can often be ordinary in the very extraordinariness of their texture. Poets must still shape the language that will superinduce in us an imaginative reordering of reality such as dreams can provide, and one misses in Tate's work just such a shaping force. Here is a complete section from the title sequences of the book:

The eye wants to sleep
but the head is no mattress.
I break the railroad in two.
All the terrifying endless chaotic detail,
worthless narcoleptic wombats.
A dirty comb in the house
of the recently deceased.
No wound there, what is it then?
a great deal of boring
& irrelevant information.
We are doing what we should
in the barbershop cortege,
His age is not known.

It's possible to locate some of the puns and turns in the poem which might give it at least the consistency of a dream—"cortege" instead of "quartet" for example—but I don't think that's reading the poem in the proper spirit. More properly, perhaps, one can cling to startling lines or images and hope that eventually the higher "logic" of the poem will come clear, or at least be more deeply felt. The threat to this, of course, is that "terrifying endless chaotic detail" may become no more than "a great deal of boring and irrelevant information."

Elsewhere in the single lyrics of the book Tate can be ironic, witty, anecdo-

(Continued on page 344)

Charles Molesworth teaches English at Queens College. He has published poetry and criticism in Salmagundi, Poetry, Centennial Review *and* Genre.

Norton

Diving Into the Wreck
POEMS 1971-1972
By ADRIENNE RICH. "This book lives. . . . No review can hope to do justice to the richness and variety of *Diving Into the Wreck.* Every poem in the book matters. Read them."—ERICA JONG, *Ms.*
Cloth, $5.95. Paper, $1.95

Collected Poems:
1951-1971
By A. R. AMMONS. Winner of the 1973 National Book Award for Poetry. "An important and absorbing collection by a poet just now being recognized as a renewer of the central tradition of American poetry."—*Saturday Review.*
$12.50

Poems in Persons
AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PSYCHOANALYSIS OF LITERATURE
By NORMAN N. HOLLAND. "Shows how psychoanalytical interpretation can lead to fresh literary insights . . . Should excite any reader interested in the creation of and response to literature."
—*Publishers Weekly.* $6.95

The Norton Anthology of Modern Poetry
Edited by RICHARD ELLMANN and ROBERT O'CLAIR. An indispensable survey of poetry in our time, selected and brilliantly annotated by two distinguished editors. Over 1200 poems by 155 poets. 1500 pages. $14.95
AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Norton
W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC.
500 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Four Poems by Tomaz Salamun

Translated from the Slovenian by the Author and MICHAEL WALTUCH

Don't be afraid of images of the world,
child. Close your eyes. Don't be afraid
of roads, the dead in trees. Don't be afraid
of cries and valleys, look, the water doesn't

wither, the skin turns to coal. Don't be
afraid of meadows, the ones who died of plague,
don't be afraid of the ones wrapped in color,
irritated men. Mothers rot and come back,

angels sleep, blackness waits for you,
a white light. Don't be afraid of castles
made of sand around the house, of the ones
who protect against fire, of the ridges

of signs. You are eating blood off tin,
salt off the mane of a horse, you belong to
silence and animals, to pilgrims of the door.
Don't be afraid of towers, of fires

in the ranks, don't be afraid of miracles.
Cheers, you swim in lavishness. Wings
of starved tribes, shouts of dreams,
the guardian angel watches over your night.

The radar,
the slang of timber in docks,
the net set with wool.
Ether,
changing the descent of eagle
into a many-colored, cold flight.
The caste of incendiaries of the night
is at work.

Translated from the Slovenian by the Author and ANSELM HOLLO

PEACE TO THE PEOPLE OF THIS EARTH

God remembers all the travelers
remembers the rain in Arras
and David's son
remembers a squirrel falling down on to the ground
I yell rabbits
thinking those really are rabbits because I'm myopic
God remembers Stavrogin
churns of rotting wood and our games
the way I clean my teeth
and say peace to the people of this earth
the only thing I like about Empire-style furniture
are the Empire-style legs
God remembers
God remembers how painstakingly I worked
to fashion a tetrahedron out of a slice of bread
then kept throwing it furiously against the wall
and there was the war
and others ate saccharine
the fire is getting closer

night of whiskers

I see hell where my angel used to stand

o beasts! sails! productive soil!
green roses, noise of Sunday
with our backs we hold the time, with our backs the flying
black bread, with our backs the water we were baptized with

o beasts! we'll make up for dying
the crunch of white fields, the nests of stars
we are lying in wait, we wait for the smoke
wait for holy odors, oaken doors
we gesticulate, travelers in peace, we are suspended
we fall like warriors
corpses smoldering with moisture

bubbling of water, rolling sparks
it turns around me, kills, walks straight on burning oil
it's quick, it's high, it flies low
where it rests it smells of carbide
southern sky, where there are cliffs, shelters

where there are meadow-saffrons, young animals
blunt black sailing boats, black salt
where are you, card players on ridges, shining mountains
the crosses laid down on the field paths, laugh
where is your immortality, squirrels

as the bulk of Alps, as the red of dusk
we hear cries, the barking of dogs
we hear the silent shifting of hunters, the circle of insects
stones of rest, alleys of hope

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poems by Janos Pilinsky

Translated by WILLIAM JAY SMITH and GYULA KODOLANYI

THE REST IS GRACE

Terror and dream
were my father and mother.
And a corridor was the
country opening out.

So I lived. How shall I die?
What will my end be like?

The earth betrays me in its embrace.
The rest is grace.

METRONOME

Measure time
but not our time,
the motionless present of splinters,
the angles of the drawbridge
the white winter of our execution,
the silence of paths and clearings,
in the setting of the fragmented jewel
the promise of God the Father.

CELEBRATION OF THE NADIR

In the blood-stained warmth of sties
who dares read?
And who dares
in the splintering field of the setting sun
when the sky is at its high tide
and earth is at its ebb
set out, anywhere?

Who dares
stand still with closed eyes
at that lowest point
there where
there's always a flick of the hand,
a roof,
a lovely face, or just
a hand, a nod, a movement of the hand?

Who can
with a calm heart sink slowly down
into that dream that overflows childhood's
pain and lifts
the whole sea to his face in a handful of water?

ALL THAT IS NEEDED

However wide creation is,
it is more cramped than a sty.
From here to there—stone, wood, house.
I do this and that—early or late.

And yet at times someone enters
And suddenly what is expands.
All that's needed is the sight of a face, a presence,
and the wallpaper begins to bleed.

All that is needed, yes, is a hand
stirring the coffee, or
withdrawing from an introduction.
That's all that's needed for us to forget the place—
the dismal row of windows, yes,
when returning at night to our room—
for us to accept the unacceptable.

I SHALL BE WATCHING

I shall be watching how the water trickles—
branching in faltering delicate paths—
the inscriptions of agony
and chance, their long outlines
on dead stones, living faces—

I shall be watching them before
I gain oblivion.

EVERY BREATH

Every breath wounds me,
every heartbeat knocks me down.
Odd that the sea is immortal
although its every wave is doom.

How does God govern his eternal
presence, in the forever
perishing field of creation?

Like the resigned life of grasses
the heartbeats of mortals,
in the end that is what glory must be—
the grave happiness of God.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tal and even sentimental. His acerbic humor sometimes recalls Alan Dugan, especially in poems like "My Great Great Etc. Uncle Patrick Henry" and "Teaching the Ape to Write Poems." The latter ends with these lines:

Then Dr. Bluespire leaned over his shoulder
and whispered into his ear:
"You look like a god sitting there.
Why don't you try writing something?"

But readers who enjoy this sort of thing will be disappointed in the book as a whole, since it is less characteristic than the earlier quote. As contemporary poets have turned from irony as a defensive mode, they have ventured into the direct inexplicable realm of dreams, or the direct unguarded realm of sentimentality. Tate uses both avenues; the latter, for example, is evident in such lines as "I'll sit down now/ and drill a little hole/ through this dawnlessness" and "I want to lay myself down on a large platter/ of innocence. . . ."

Sentimentality as a mode shares certain features with the surreal, and perhaps both are mirror-image alternatives to the same crisis. Where surrealism seeks to make the marvelous familiar, sentimentality exalts the familiar. The surrealistic emphasis on dreams would eliminate all logic, while sentimentality would avoid all serious risks. But both seek to protect the self by giving it over to larger forces, forces which ultimately proclaim it virtually divine. If two modes are indeed reverse images of each other, they may well end up in a single work. This happens, I believe, in Tate's poem "Deaf Girl Playing," which concerns a man whose life falls into ruin when he is mesmerized by the sight of a "deaf girl playing in a field." The man ruins his suit while lying on the ground watching the girl, and this leads eventually to the loss of his job and his separation from his wife.

The very occasion of his crisis is part surreal, part sentimental, as is its treatment in the poem. We can read the poem as if the deaf girl was a dreamlike symbol for some lost innocence ("No utterance would ever reach her"), or we can see it as a mélange of bathos and repressed sexuality ("I might as well have raped the child"). The poem draws to an end with the man nailing signs on the trees and fences around the girl, one sign reading "DEAF GIRL PLAYING." And finally "more and more men will leave their sleeping wives' side" to put up identical signs. The individual's crisis is equivalent to the larger social crisis; the poet's nightmarish sickness epitomizes the universal, but hidden, sickness that affects us all. Such a conclusion can be part of the surrealist myth, and sentimental as well. Still Tate's balance in this poem is shapely, and I find it very moving.

Though surrealism and sentimentality are seldom thought of in concert, there are several instances of the conjunction in Tate's work. I think this conjunction forms a chief characteristic of the "New York School" of poets, which includes Ted Berrigan, James Schuyler, Tom Clark, Anne Waldman and others. If one views the work of these writers, sometimes known as the "gang and gossip" school, in the context of American poetry in the late 1950s and early 1960s, certain tentative rationales can be sketched. Viewed as a polemical, but still "campy" reaction (and that is clearly oxymoronic) to the self-protective, corseted irony dominant in academic poetry at the time, a voice like Frank O'Hara's, which served as tutelary spirit, was bound to be distinctive and energizing. Besides its aggressive anti-academicism, the school seemed to use the cultural torpor of the late 1950s as an excuse to sever poetry's few remaining ties with any larger community. In stark relief against the social and political crisis of the mid-1960s which seemed to sweep right past these indigenous surrealists, much of their poetry seemed even more dandyish than perhaps it was. And all too quickly the winners of the Frank O'Hara Memorial Award, presented by Columbia University(!), began to sound familiar. What did happen, though, was that other poets learned from O'Hara and his followers, and certain kinds of politically and socially conscious poetry began to emerge, usefully employing surrealist techniques. (I am excluding, of course, such potent influences as Robert Bly and Charles Olson from this skeletal "history.") Certain young poets have developed quite strong and distinctive voices as a result of this; I refer here to such people as C. K. Williams, Robert Mezey, Charles Simic, Erica Jong and Diane Wakoski. As it turns out most of these examples are poets who are extremely conscious of pain and crisis in their work. Especially in poems such as "Contagion" and "Forest," James Tate exhibits some of the qualities that such poets share, and which make them important voices to attend to, as depictors of the crisis even as they are its victims. While the decade may have been a virtual crisis in the cultural sense, the 1950s produced less memorable poetry than the 1960s, when poets began to react more openly to widespread feelings of social crisis.

In part prepared for by the openness just described, Michael Casey's *Obscenities*, the Yale Younger Poets Selection for 1972, stands at what is perhaps the polar opposite of a retreat into a world of dreams. Casey's world draws exclusively upon his experience as a prison guard in a Vietnamese POW camp. As such, it stands pat, not morally, to be sure, since it is clearly written in rage and pity, but certainly aesthetically. It responds to crisis by resorting to reportage. Relying on the colloquial slang of the foot soldier, Casey avoids any emotional commentary of his own, as well as any complicating aesthetic form. Though such poetry is made with an uncomplicated texture, it builds on

THE
PLOWSHARE PRESS INC.
P. O. Box 2252 **Boston, MA 02107**

Farber, Norma: **A DESPERATE THING,** Marriage Poems.
96 pp. ISBN 0-87368-202-5 Paper 1973 ..... **$3.50**

Harper, Jean: **MOUSE IN THE WALL,** Poetry
87 pp. ISBN 0-87368-169-X Paper 1972 ..... **$3.00**

Raymond, Richard C.: **A MOMENT OF BELLS,** Poems.
71 pp. ISBN 0-87368-102-9 Cloth 1970 ..... **$3.95**
Paperback 1971 ..... **$1.95**

Kayser, Hans: **AKROASIS,** The Theory of World Harmonics.
177 pp. ISBN 0-87368-067-7 Cloth 1970 ..... **$5.95**

Platov, Mariquita: **ONE MOMENT.** A Sonnet Sequence on a Paschal Theme.
Second Printing 1970. ISBN 0-87368-014-6
56 pp. Paperback **$1.95**

Fromm, Herbert: **THE KEY OF SEE:** Travel Journals of a Composer.
191 pp. 1967. ISBN 0-87368-061-8 Cloth **$4.00**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assumptions which it is not always willing to examine critically. Its subject matter may be drawn from our most crushing moral crisis of the past two decades, but its ultimate aesthetic statement may be quite out of date.

In his introduction, Stanley Kunitz asks us to read Casey's work "straight through, from first to last, as though it were a novel or a play." I took this advice, but I'm sad to report that it didn't help much, since I kept thinking how much better this material would read in a prose narrative. The horrors don't compare with those Michael Herr told of in "Illumination Rounds" in *New American Review* #7, for example. As individual lyrics, Casey's poems are neither particularly inventive or feelingly "made." His method is somewhere between Hemingway's and Hubert Selby's. Here's the conclusion of a poem called "Darbey's Chicken," about a soldier's pet who, having escaped being eaten by rats, once again has disappeared:

Darbey's going mad
He's looking all over for his chicken
But he can't find it nowhere
And I know where his chicken is
I introduced his chicken
To H Troop's pig, Dorothy
Dorothy ate it
Pigs are tougher than rats
Tougher than chickens too

And another example of a poem's conclusion, this one called "Free Love":

In Thailand you
Can get a whore
Costing money
Without it costing your soul
The girl will love you there
And it's nice
My girl cried when I left her

Most of the poems are like this, with a flat, anticlimactic tone, and a statement that reverberates ironically against our own supposed awareness of the war's larger horrors.

There seems little here for which to commend what Kunitz calls Casey's "fine ear for speech patterns," or "the rightness of the unpunctuated linear structure based (but not slavishly) on the short span of the breath units." The poetic line owes as much to the sentence phrasing as to anything else, and one is reminded of Edmund Wilson's denigration of some modern poetry as no more than "shredded prose." Because of this lack of any energizing "linear structure," there is a soft center to the poem, a strong hint of adolescence, which may be described as sentimentality biting the bullet in order not to give itself away. Having depersonalized the book, Casey in a way bears fuller responsibility for all the unnamed speakers in his poems. While the reportage might lead us to feel that events do all the work of the poems, instead when read in bulk we end with a sense of Casey as scenarist. This feeling of overall control is especially heightened by the titles of the poems, where the irony sometimes approaches the hackneyed. As scenarist, Casey fails to modulate his irony sufficiently from one poem to the next, however, and what results are pat endings for most of the poems. It's possible to regard these pat endings another way, namely as resulting from a sort of moral numbness in the face of crisis, and hence the book's "crowning" obscenity. That may be a compliment to the form of Casey's art if we accept the ironic reading of the book's title, but it may equally be an allegation of failure.

In the face of genuine crisis, and Vietnam represented that, to maintain any consistent aesthetic approach may be foolhardy. But I know of few single works that really speak to the horror I sense lies at the core of the Vietnamese conflict; perhaps Robert Mezey's "How Much Longer?" or Al Lee's "Going Whoring" or Bly's "The Teeth Mother

Poems by Philippe Thoby-Marcelin

Translated from the French by WILLIAM JAY SMITH

A LITTLE STREAM

This is not the broad royal path
Of great impetuous rivers.
It is a little stream
In the shade of the hills.

The animals know it
For its unlimited freshness
And the modesty
Of its meanderings.

It does not eat the land away
Nor move its bed.
Before reaching the sea
It is lost in sand.

It is only at night
When in secret it sparkles,
When the moon consents,
No one knows of it but me.

It is a little stream
In the shade of the hills.
And I bathed there at evening
When I was sad and desperate.

SONG

Living or dead, the one I love,
Who is she, does she also love me—
I would not know.
She is an unfortunate one.

She is tall and black,
Having vowed to dress in white;
And her soul, with vows also to the somber delights
Of melancholy.

She loves cemeteries,
And the evening breeze, which censes her,
Shakes as she passes
The poisonous urns of nightshade.

THE NIGHT OF MY RETURN

It was not yet dawn,
But I had risen,
Rubbing my eyes.
All about me slept.
The banana trees below my window
Shivered in the calm
Moonlight.
Then I took my head
In both hands
And thought of you.

YOU WERE HUMMING

You were humming a sad,
Obscene meringue,
While with wild excitement
I drummed on the iron bedstead.
A tree arched beside us,
Straining to hear.
We did not see it,
My love,
And yet how intrusive it was!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Naked At Last" approximate what I have in mind. Those anti-war poems I do feel are worthy of deep consideration usually work by their utter simplicity. And yet Casey seems to fail for just that reason. Perhaps his simplicity is that of someone who has been there, whereas the poems I have in mind are all clearly written from *here*, from the safe side of the television. Casey's poems might just as well have been written about World War II, but this is not the case with Mezey's or Bly's. Such poems as theirs struggle desperately to salvage some conscious shred of tenderness or humaneness or even genuine rage for those protected from the war. The ultimate obscenity may be that we have sat through the commercials so often that we don't see them any more clearly than we see the dead and dying, that neither the fullness of the war nor the emptiness of our commodity culture dawns on us. Everything blurs into a station break.

But all that's been said here may be unfair to Casey—after all, I still think his book was honestly written—since the crisis I keep imagining takes place in us in our roles as viewers, not participants. True, many have died and been wounded in the war, and died and been attacked in our own cities. Somehow that nagging sense of crisis, however, comes most forcefully when we realize how painfully hard it is simply to keep this destruction firmly and properly in view. What we may need art for in a time of crisis is not "simply" to present the crisis (in fact the problem may be that the crisis has been presented too much, too often) but rather to awaken in us the correct consciousness of our relationship to the agony. Brechtian theories about "alienation" are certainly germane here, but I'm concerned about something more than preventing art from deceiving us into escapist fantasies. In fact, I may be asking art for the wrong thing altogether, since I hear the argument of those who insist that only leisure, not crisis, can produce true cultural growth.

To put it perhaps too simply: the greater and more real the crisis, the more I would hope art would offer us strategies for survival. If going mad might save us, if thinking through and beyond our own suicides will work, if restoring traditional values might help, then poems can present these alternatives and still be taken seriously. Even arbitrary and virtual "statements" can have real consequences. What can't be taken seriously is any work that makes the audiences think that Vietnam was just another crisis. Auden suggests the old masters understood suffering because they knew well its "human position." I take "position" there in many senses, that is, not only how suffering fits in with other human experience, but how it addresses us and so offers ways for us to face it, and also how its very nature is concealed by its seeming so human in its appearance.

To survive we need the old masters' ancient wisdom, but we also need from time to time to strip suffering of its human covering. Otherwise, from some safe vantage point, we could delude ourselves that without real suffering, there can be no true humaneness. That is a conclusion I would like most strongly to bar, for that would make crisis the order of the day. □

Trying to Save the Skein

DIVING INTO THE WRECK: Poems 1971-1972. *By Adrienne Rich. W. W. Norton & Co. 62 pp. $5.95. Paper $1.95.*

CHERYL WALKER

There can be no doubt now that the women's movement has had its effect on the lives of countless unknown women. Alert to this fact, I find myself collecting odd statistics, rags of evidence I can use or dispose of. A tracer of missing persons informs *The New York Times* that in twelve years the ratio of runaway wives to husbands has gone from one out of 300 to one out of two; he explains this by saying that the women's liberation movement has given housewives who would once have suffered in silence the courage to express their misery and frustration. The results on the whole seem to be positive. A Massachusetts official reports on the radio that whereas two years ago job-discrimination complaints were running 3 to 1 on the issue of racism against blacks, they are now running 3 to 1 on the issue of sex bias against women. Both the neglected housewife who makes a break for it and the career woman who reports job discrimination are re-examining the relationship between their sex and their lives, trying to reassess past decisions and evaluate future opportunities.

In the literary world this process sometimes produces unusual results. I've been watching with fascination lately one queer and wonderful phenomenon in articles by women critics. The writer begins in an elegant literary style, making observations full of intelligence and insight. I am often struck by the extent of her sophistication, the depth of her background. But suddenly the writer (it might be Elizabeth Hardwick reviewing Doris Lessing or Grace Schulman surveying European poetry) breaks off and begins to speak, from the perspective of her own life, about the problems which make literature more than an intellectual exercise. So it seems that after much truck with distance and objectivity, it's the proximate and subjective which govern our reactions. Everywhere women are admitting this openly or in so many words, as the women's movement encourages us to examine our lives and reconsider our premises.

Of course, criticism of this kind is somewhat disorderly. It lacks clean lines and, like the housewife's flight and the career woman's complaint, it cannot be considered modest behavior. But that must be why it is so compelling. For now we know we can no longer shut our eyes to those trivial personal considerations behind our acts and judgments. It has become clear that these are not trivial considerations at all, but the uneven foundations on which all our structures sit. And more than that, we have learned that we share those foundations with our neighbors. George Eliot wrote, "There is no private life which is not determined by a wider public life." And that is more true than ever right now.

Poets too are searching past and present, renouncing art as camouflage, taking risks. Adrienne Rich calls her seventh book *Diving into the Wreck*. If it were not the case that Robert Boyers in a recent article in *Salmagundi* (Spring/Summer 1973) managed to discuss Rich's work at length without ever dealing with the importance of feminism for this poet, it would hardly seem necessary to say that *Diving into the Wreck* is one more reflection of what intelligent women are feeling and thinking today because of the women's movement. Boyers severely criticizes Rich for her recent failures to respect poetic decorum. He prefers her earlier poetry which, he feels, does not "dismiss orderliness and the clean lines of a modest behavior

Cheryl Walker recently received her doctorate from Brandeis University, where she was managing editor of Modern Occasions. *A feminist who is at work on a book about women poets, she is at present associate director of the Federation of Organizations for Professional Women, in Washington, D.C.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for undifferentiated passion. The lust to be contemporary has not yet become dangerously compelling."

"The lust to be contemporary." What can that mean? I suspect that if those terms can be applied to Adrienne Rich at all, their application must not imply a merely superficial commitment to the ideals of radical feminism (for this is certainly not true of her) but a desire to identify correctly and face unflinchingly the trials of contemporary life, whatever the cost. Her anger is directed against those who would hide in tradition and decorum, refusing, like the husband in her poem "A Primary Ground," to acknowledge the evasions of their behavior.

Sensuality dessicates in words—
risks of the portage, risks of the glacier
never taken
Protection is the genius of your house
the pressure of the steam iron
flattens the linen cloth again
chestnuts puréed with care are dutifully
eaten
in every room the furniture reflects you
larger than life, or dwindling

The poetry of *Diving into the Wreck* is a poetry of risk, of search and of appetite. It has the fierce quality of certain poems by the more gifted women poets of the past but, unlike them, Adrienne Rich is on guard against her own swings of emotion. She knows too well the perils of a rage "driving/now out upon men and women/ now inward upon myself." What she seeks is clarity:

my visionary anger cleansing my sight
and the detailed perceptions of mercy
flowering from that anger.

The risk is the risk of exploring an unknown environment, where the most trivial activities must be handled, and will become accomplishments. The search is a search for the means of survival. This poetry is deadly serious, but it is not, like so much of women's poetry in the past, death-enamored. For it is the poet's appetite, her undeniable life force, which sustains these operations. Her image is repeatedly one of a mind like a fire:

burning itself, burning down
feeding on everything
til there is nothing in life
that has not fed that fire.

Some, I'm sure, will object to the use of the self in these poems. The poet says:

if they ask my identity
what can I say but
I am the androgyne
I am the living mind you fail to
describe
in your dead language.

What is this but self-aggrandizement and self-congratulation, some will ask, not realizing that the process women are undergoing today requires coming into a new relation with the self, requires the self-love which is not narcissism. I remember particularly two things Adrienne Rich has said: one, that she would like to write poetry which could be useful to women, and two, that the only real maturity is one in which the self is so small it disappears and so large it encompasses a great many more than one. Thus the figure, the "I," which recurs in these poems, both is and is not Adrienne Rich. In the title poem, "Diving into the Wreck," surely one of the most beautiful poems to come out of the women's movement, the explorer—simultaneously male and female—achieves something close to a mythic density. The figure is passionate but with an isolation and passion transparent to the universal. The poem is utterly personal but there is nothing in it which draws away into private life.

I came to explore the wreck.
The words are purposes.
The words are maps.
I came to see the damage that was
done
and the treasures that prevail.
I stroke the beam of my lamp
slowly along the flank
of something more permanent
than fish or weed
the thing I came for:
the wreck and not the story of the
wreck

Poetry from the LSU PRESS

JAMES B. HALL / *The Hunt Within*

"This is poetry of excellent craftsmanship; precise, restrained, with new and deep things to say."—RICHARD EBERHART

"*The Hunt Within* has the strong virtues one might expect to encounter in the work of its seasoned and gifted creator."—GEORGE GARRETT $4.95

JOYCE CAROL OATES / *Angel Fire*

"A poet of brilliant gifts. . . . She has a well-deserved following that will not be let down by her newest collection."—*Publishers Weekly*

"Joyce Carol Oates belongs to that small group of writers who keep alive the central ambitions and energies of literature."—*Newsweek* $4.95

R. H. W. DILLARD / *After Borges: A Sequence of New Poems*

"Deserves association with Borges himself. The book lavishes things undreamt of—wild, sustained excursions. The world is a bigger place for a reading of this book."—WILLIAM STAFFORD

"This is Dillard's best work to date."—SAMUEL HAZO $4.95

Child's Play
DAVID R. SLAVITT $4.95

Love and Its Derangements
JOYCE CAROL OATES $4.50

The World Between the Eyes
FRED CHAPPELL $4.95

Anonymous Sins and Other Poems
JOYCE CAROL OATES $4.50

In the Outer Dark
STANLEY PLUMLY $4.50

Depth of Field
WILLIAM HEYEN $4.50

Louisiana State University Press
Baton Rouge 70803

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poems by Roberto Juarroz

Translated by W.S. MERWIN

Sometimes death grazes our hair,
rumples it
and does not enter.
Some great thought perhaps giving it pause?
Or can it be we are thinking
something greater than thought itself?

(First Poesía Vertical #2)

There are points of silence circling the heart.
They are itself, but facing it,
reclining on its multiple days,
not undone at its death, but on terms with her.

It is not a writing of silence looking for an eye,
nor a God safe outside himself,
nor a cowardly rain,
nor a dog tormented by his own barking.

The heart is a silent hand
with its fingers facing it.
It imitates their barking
but they won't be tempted.

(First Poesía Vertical #7)

The last light always welds itself to the hand.
It's a fruit,
a body already complete.
After that
if a further return were possible
the whole body would see.
The light of the water is water,
the light of the shadow is the shadow,
and the light of one foot is the other foot.

(Second Poesía Vertical #70)

Without meaning to I break off with my fingers
a little branch.
I touch the place of the break
and my fingers then light up:
the whole of the branch
has passed into my fingers.
And in them it will stay
even if something in its turn breaks them off from me
and the whole of my fingers
passes into something else.

(Third Poesía Vertical #19, Section 2)

Sometimes my hands wake me up.
They're making or taking apart something without me
while I'm asleep,
something terribly human,
concrete like the back or pocket of a man.

I hear them in my sleep,
working out there,
but when I open my eyes they're still.
Just the same
I've thought that maybe I'm a man
because of what they do
with their gestures and not mine,
with their God and not mine,
with their death, if they die too.

I don't know how to make a man.
Maybe my hands make one while I'm asleep
and when it's finished
they wake me up out of it all
and show it to me.

(First Poesía Vertical #19)

Going up is only
a little shorter or a little
longer than going down

the drowned face always staring
toward the sun
the evidence of damage
worn by salt and sway into this thread-
bare beauty
the ribs of the disaster
curving their assertion
among the tentative haunters.

Because *Diving into the Wreck* is really a log of encounters with the disasters that foster consciousness, some of its material may strike the reader as defensive. The poem which begins, "You're wondering if I'm lonely/ OK then, yes, I'm lonely," has this quality in spite of its strength. Then too there are areas of unconverted language, poetry which falls short of tension or definition. "The Phenomenology of Anger" strikes me this way, for instance. These are literary weaknesses. But the strength of this book is not only literary but political. The love for another woman which invigorates "When We Dead Awaken" is useful in the way the poet has wished to be of use. I find myself searching my own life for that

. . . fellow-creature, sister,
sitting across from me, dark with love,
working like me to pick apart
working with me to remake
this trailing knitted thing, this cloth of
darkness,
this woman's garment, trying to save
the skein.

Few feminist poets can equal this in sheer manipulation of language, and most nonfeminist poetry seems tame or solipsistic compared to the jugular intensity of this enterprise.

In *Diving into the Wreck* we have another valuable book to add to the growing community of works about women's developing consciousness. All of these works share a dark, tentative atmosphere of exploration. For some this tentative quality will disqualify Adrienne Rich

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from serious consideration. Why is this true, I wonder, remembering a critic I admire who remarked to me after reading Ingrid Bengis' fine *Combat in the Erogenous Zone*: "I don't understand what she's writing about. These are nothing but complaints." Perhaps it is true that the complaint, the lament, is endemic to women's literature at this time. But as Rilke wrote:

Jubel *weiss*, und Sehnsucht ist
geständig, —
nur die Klage lernt noch;
mädchenhändig
zählt sie nächtelang das alte Schlimme.

Aber plötzlich, schräg und ungeübt,
hält sie doch ein Sternbild unsrer
Stimme
in den Himmel, den ihr Hauch nicht
trübt.

* * *

Jubilance knows, *and Longing sits*
confessing, —
only Lament is learning still; with
girlish hands
she reckons all night long the ancient
evil.

Yet suddenly, oblique, unpracticed,
even so
she holds a constellation of our voice
into the sky, unclouded by her breath.

So, too, does Adrienne Rich, and I, for one, must thank her. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Once again I face the hazardous task of reviewing a play—Jean Anouilh's *Waltz of the Toreadors*—a production of which I once directed. It is now being given at the Circle in the Square-Joseph E. Levine Theatre with those endearing actors, Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach. A brilliant play, it is eminently worth seeing.

Anouilh presents a peculiar problem. He was France's most adept and popular playwright in the period between Giraudoux and Beckett. Through Giraudoux, Anouilh has said, he learned that contemporary drama could be both poetically literary and theatrically effective. (It is perhaps a sign of the parochialism of the Parisian stage that Anouilh did not make the discovery before 1928.) After his theatre debut in 1932 Anouilh embarked on a career which not only made him the most successful of French dramatists but the most prolific and controversial.

Following the appearance of Sartre's *No Exit* in 1944 and Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* in 1953, along with the emergence of Genet around 1947, serious critics began to downgrade Anouilh as no more than a "boulevard playwright"—as differentiated, that is, from one whose work may endure for its value in profound feeling, intellectual weight, social relevance, stylistic distinction or beauty. To stage-oriented critics, on the other hand, Anouilh surely ranks higher than dramatists whose works inspire university theses or portentous interpretations, for these are considered too esoteric, their very merits a limitation in wide public appeal and thus, perhaps, in ultimate renown.

To a degree, Anouilh is a journeyman dramatist: he makes no claim to exalted artistic stature. He desires to do little more than purvey material for enjoyable theatregoing. But that is only a disguise: Anouilh possesses an artistic individuality, deep-rooted in his personality and in the nature of the French nation, especially that of the Third Republic's middle class. For that reason, he just doesn't go away! I for one have often thought he should, because he repeats himself endlessly and some of his more recent plays betray a rancidness, almost a vileness. But his skill rarely fails him; he is devilishly clever.

Anouilh has written what he has called "black" plays, "pink" plays, "sparkling" plays and "grating" plays. Nearly all of them, whatever the category, answer to all these descriptions. Even the most "lofty" or ambitious of his plays—*Antigone, The Lark, Becket*—are graced or tainted by elements of the black, the pink, the sparkling, the grating—in short, by the Anouilh spirit.

The Waltz of the Toreadors, produced in Paris in 1952 and a failure then, perhaps because it was not sufficiently cut and also because the author himself directed it, has since been successfully done in London and New York. It is, in my view, the play which reveals most of Anouilh's essential traits in perfect balance.

Anouilh is a romantic idealist whose idealism plagues him. He yearns for purity, nobility, moral courage, glory, but discerns little but pettiness, chicanery, deception and vice. Life riles him because it isn't consistent; he abhors the bulk of humanity because it professes virtues it doesn't practice. There is something comic in this and a great measure of "fun," but though he is able to laugh at it, it upsets his vitals. He is a sentimentalist become bitter because everything he beholds, everything that has happened to him since he first conceived of the loveliness of experience—especially in matters of love—has proved false and vain.

Oh, if it were only not so, Anouilh's plays seem to wail—beauty not despoiled, grandeur not debased, purity not debauched. But since it is so, we must make the best of it in humankind's shabby fashion, bedecking ourselves in social courtesies, official pomp and at best in common-sense compromise. Once in a long while some splendid gesture or leap of the soul, like a lark in the sky, momentarily redeems us.

This makes Anouilh both a conservative and a cynic. He will not budge from his safe position—"agin" everything except the Ideal. He endures life with a grimace of disgust, a salty chuckle, an ache of regret, and above all with sharp-edged *practical shrewdness*. The latter feature produces his formidable stage craftsmanship.

The Waltz of the Toreadors is an acidulous bonbon, a despondent farce. Within its coruscating invention, its delightful trickery, its rib-tickling skepticism, there also dwells something subtly tender, softly sighing. The colors of Vuillard and Bonnard surround it; a fragrance of old-time corruption, elegance and bourgeois crassness, decorum and dissoluteness emanates from it. An echo of sweet romance as the French from 1875 to 1900 dreamed of it—a kind of domestic or village romance—wafts through it.

You can still find some of this in the Circle in the Square production, but there is a Broadway alloy in it. It lacks a Gallic vista, that of genuine cultivation endowed with a sense of the past and of the distance which separates our crudities from the quaint and gentler gaucheries of a bygone day.

There is always something winning in Eli Wallach's performances, but the childlike aspirant who resides within the General he plays in *The Waltz* is not a jumpy boy but an imposing cavalry officer, a conspicuously masculine figure, "a gentleman of the old military academy," and in the weakness, contradictions, confusions and lostness of such a man is the cream of Anouilh's sorry jest. Wallach only approximates it.

Anne Jackson does many amusing things as the General's harridan wife. These diminish only when Brian Murray's direction falters in bite and snap to accommodate "psychological" nuances which are not in the play's proper vein.

Clarke Dunham's setting is handsome, but hardly characteristic of the period, province or condition. Practice in correct pronunciation of French names might lend a touch of authenticity to the atmosphere: for instance, the "s" in Ghislaine (the General's patient sweetheart) should be mute, as if it were spelled "Gheelen." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Yves Robert, director of *The Tall Blond Man With One Black Shoe*, is not what you'd call a master of farce; his use of traditional ruses is a little mechanical (I found the obligatory seduction scene tiresomely predictable) and his timing of repetitive gags is imprecise, a fault that subdues the hilarity rather than accelerating it. Nevertheless, he has going for him a contemporary theme that lends itself wonderfully to ridicule, and in Pierre Richard a focal butt who is both endearing and essentially comic. Given those advantages, he has contrived a far better than average merriment.

We are confronted here with hugger-mugger in the French secret service, a wonderland of electronic gadgetry and preposterous red herrings, at the critical moment when the bureau chief discovers that his first lieutenant is plotting to disgrace and supplant him. The fact that Bernard Blier, who plays the evil schemer, looks not unlike the late J. Edgar Hoover is irrelevant, but added to my enjoyment. This fellow has, it seems, set a trap and his boss supplies the rabbit, sending the traitor and his henchmen scampering after a decoy chosen at random from the passengers arriving at Orly. The one so fingered is François (Richard), a gangling, impulsive and confiding violinist, who descends from his plane wearing one black and one brown shoe because his waggish colleagues had been sporting with his footwear the previous evening in Germany.

The essence of the joke that now unfolds in the classic Keaton formula is that François remains oblivious to the pandemonium storming around him. His apartment is tapped, bugged and ransacked; agents true and false die in streams of bullets from silenced automatics, whole squads of creepers follow him and crowd the Paris shortwave "security" channel with breathless accounts of his movements as François trots around town attending to an aching tooth, disengaging himself from an awkward love affair, and tending his chores as a busy journeyman musician. To his obsessed eavesdroppers he is the most dangerously subtle of secret agents, since they cannot discover his game, and recent accounts of police attempts to get something on the American journalist, Joseph Kraft, when he was on assignment in Paris, scarcely spoil Robert's adventure in high witlessness.

There is something intrinsically grotesque in the disparity between the elegance of advanced electronic equipment and the low ends to which it is put, and Robert has a wry appreciation of the ways in which the circuits can be addled. Except for Pierre Richard, the playback machines are his star performers.

It all works out well for François, and when last seen he is off to Rio with the Mata Hari of the deceased junta, who has been captivated by François' boyish prowess amid the fur covers of her day bed. That ending has a touch of *Lavender Hill Mob* about it, and it is true that Robert does borrow a good deal from his betters. But he lays his slapstick onto an institution that richly deserves it, and he has coached his players to tackle nonsense with straight faces and manic resolution.

In *Charles—Dead or Alive* and *La Salamandre* Alain Tanner proved himself a strong and original-minded director who was yet a little too much impressed by the methods of Godard. *Le Retour d'Afrique* suggests that he is still under that influence.

The new film is deliberately, and excessively, talkative. The characters do not so much converse as address one another, and when they are not doing that they recite poetry at length and with numbing solemnity. Since they are young, solemnity comes naturally to them, but Tanner takes them at their own estimation and his picture lacks leaven.

Vincent and Françoise (François Marthouret and Josee Destoop) are a recently married couple who express their disdain for the society around them by working at jobs that barely support them but make no claims on their good minds and high spirits. He cuts lawns and trims hedges in the suburbs of Geneva; she baby-sits an art gallery. They are depressed by Geneva, and Tanner performs the considerable feat of making that city look as dreary as Gary, Ind. Europe is burned out; the Third World beckons and they have a friend in Algiers who can get them started there. So they quit their jobs, sell their belongings, throw a farewell party and next morning receive a cable saying hold everything, letter follows. But they have made the break and cannot bring themselves to re-emerge among their friends. For a week or more they lurk in their empty room, talking and posturing, waiting for the explanation which, when it comes, puts an end to Algiers.

Thus they return from Africa, having never gone there. Or, in the somewhat obvious metaphor, they renounce the dream of being committed to "something," rent a conventional flat, take conventional jobs and start a baby, whose arrival they anticipate by wrangling dispiritedly as to which of them shall have the care of it. Vincent and Françoise are attractive youngsters rendered petulant by the frustration of their capabilities. Like many of their generation, they resent having been born into so unpromising a time, and they have grounds for complaint—the mid-20th century is surely no Renaissance. Unhappily, these two only contribute to the malaise by feeling so self-righteously sorry for themselves.

And for his part, Tanner is defeated by the attempt to inject dramatic vitality into a subjective study of self-pity. It is impossible not to become weary of his couple's moodiness, and the few moments of exuberance or wit that he can permit them in the context of his theme rouse only flickers of interest. Perhaps inadvertently, Tanner himself demonstrates what the problem is. One of the supporting characters, Emilio (Juliet Berto), is a Spanish political exile. A member of Vincent's gardening crew, he is sardonic about his friend's vision of voluntary, idealistic exile, and he represents the contrast between real deprivation and the couple's *longueurs*. But Emilio's more important difference is that, though he is bitterly unhappy, unfulfilled, lonely and almost entirely without hope, he has found resources of dignity and style that sustain him. As a result, whenever he walks into a scene the picture springs to life. Theatre is a struggle to get somewhere or something; Beckett's characters crawl across the desert to infinity and it is still drama, but if he flipped them onto their backs he would have no play. The trouble with Tanner's couple is that for too much of the time they are supine. □

PERSONALS

WATERGATE DART GAME. Don't throw stones, throw darts at alleged participants. Sixteen inch dart board, complete with 6 velcrotipped darts. Guess who's in the bullseye? **$8.00** (Calif. res. add 48¢ tax). **E.H. Gardner, Dept. 48, 1625 Stanford Avenue, Redondo Beach, Calif. 90278.**

JACOB BARASH, Licensed Insurance Broker—Notary Public. **1387 Grand Concourse, New York City 10452.**

END EXPLOITATION, OPPRESSION AND WARS. Build a friendly, classless, democratic world. Join the **Socialist Party, U.S.A., 1012 N. Third St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53203.**

RATIOCINATIVITY, cognizance, and the capacity to feel pleasure and pain are the three categories of ethics. Diploidness, species, and biological life are NOT categories of ethics. Self-sovereignty to ratiocinating beings; sanctity to cognizant beings; and courtesy to their wanted offspring.—**ABOLISH ALL ABORTION LAWS, POB 36122, Los Angeles 90036.**

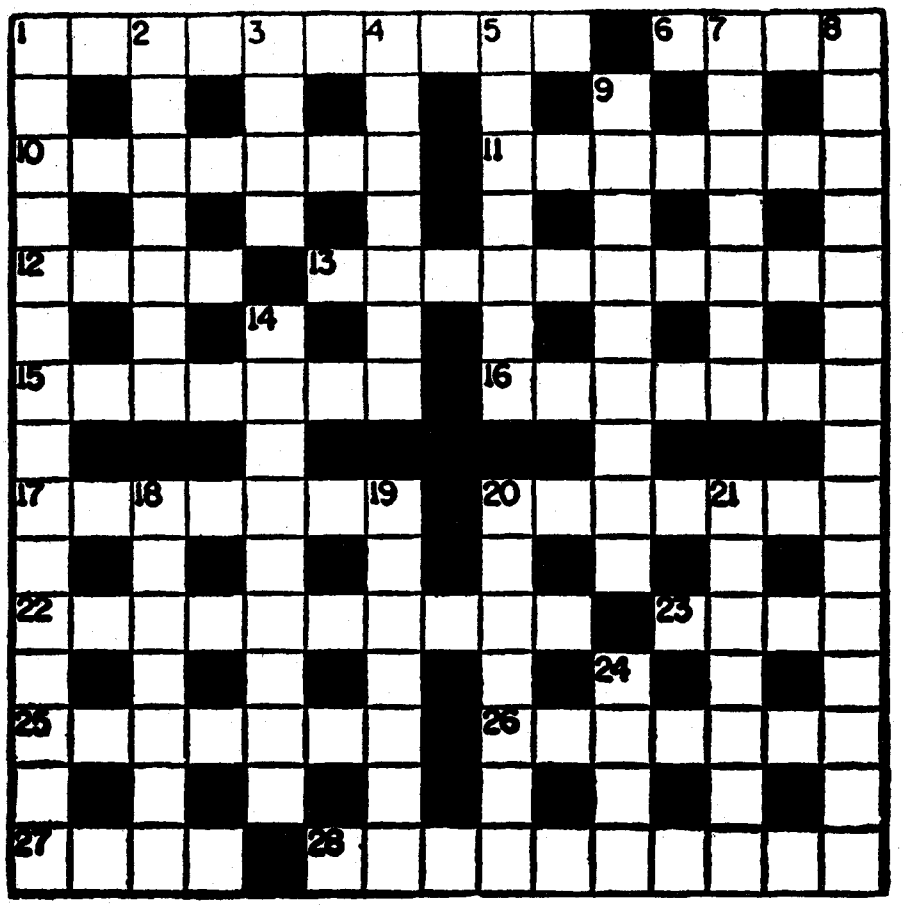
RETIRED GENTLEMEN needs female friendship. Los Angeles area. **Box 686, c/o The Nation.**

ADVERTISE YOUR NEEDS IN THE NATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1506

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A siren could be so good, but one might find it trying. (10)
6 Bebe's relative? She's a real goddess! (4)
10 If one does on a deal, it should involve a tidy sum! (5,2)
11 A confused notion a Shakespearean character comes out with. (7)
12 Post-man, by the sound of it. (4)
13 First and last it might be part of any diet, and altogether a slightly exotic food. (10)
15 Direction for how to portray fish coming back? (7)
16 Like a ring, mostly void, with a ring's beginning. (7)
17 and 2 down Old Ironclads that suggest they might belong to Cunard. (5,2,3,4)
20 It might help 10 stop mud, possibly. (7)
22 If you ask a sanctimonious type what he has to boast about, this might be the answer. (2,8)
23 The possible employer of a drug addict?
25 Point to lots of it, if you want food. (7)
26 A wise man follows the spirit of many a white elephant in such a sale. (7)
27 One way to touch bottom in the kitchen
28 Dirck and Joris, for example. (10)

DOWN

1 With more than one obvious success, clinch some stamp collection. (15)
2 See 17 across
3 How some people dig what is valuable, but still certainly not yours. (4)
4 Bureaucratic material of the right color finally, but gradually coming to the point. (7)
5 Falls with a rain storm around a little southern state. (7)
7 Unless a change is made, this might be rather sexy! (7)
8 They might have started out as cubs, but big game would probably be important to them. (6,9)
9 With this, members might show a certain rigidity. (9)
14 Forbids screwdrivers, for instance, where the lush might linger. (3,6)
18 Such a nail might have to be carefully shaped to produce things naturally in the hostelry. (7)
19 One who leads might hope to be successful with it, but it's a delicate maneuver. (7)
20 Probably few trees here, but just leaves.
21 A period of time after service, perhaps —there's the rub! (7)
24 The last word in tournaments. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1505

ACROSS: 1 Assurer; 9 Caution; 10 Parasol; 12, 28, 11 and 26 The long arm of the law; 13 Mufti; 14 and 24 Steeplejacks; 16 Foreleg; 18 Casings; 21 Samples; 27 Tampa; 29 Unfrock; 30 Sisters; 31 Keyhole. DOWN: 1 Doctors; 2 Scuttle; 3 Olive; 4 Dinette; 5 and 1 across Apple of Discord; 6 Serum; 7 Restful; 8 and 15 Rolling pin; 17 and 23 Ramshackle; 18 Cajoles; 19 Secants; 20 Salamis; 21 Sawbuck; 22 Limpopo; 25 Shape; 27 Taffy.

PUBLICATIONS

FREE BOOKLET: **HOW TO PROTECT YOURSELF AND FAMILY AGAINST CRIME.** A digest of vital information. By mail from: **Oakland House, Box 829, Columbia, Md. 21044.**

THE SMITH IS MOVING UP FAST ON THE OUTSIDE. For tomorrow's winners send for our free sheets. (What's it all about? Write in to find out.) **The Smith, 5 Beekman Street, New York City 10038.**

LITERARY SERVICES

YOUR BOOK printed from well typed manuscript. Any quantity, economical. **Biography Press, Rt. 1, Box 745, Aransas Pass, TX 78336.**

EDUCATIONAL & CAMPS

EXTERNAL DEGREE PROGRAM for well informed, highly motivated adults wishing to complete undergraduate education. Two-week resident periods on Goddard campus alternate with six-month independent study projects carried on at home under faculty supervision. Program leads to Goddard Bachelor of Arts degree. **Write Box E, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.**

OPEN COMMUNITY SUMMER CAMP AND BOARDING SCHOOL. A camp where freedom is encouraged in an atmosphere of adult responsibility and concern. Children learn to trust, love and respect both themselves and others through learning and playing together and in sharing the responsibility of freedom with adults. The children choose from a rich program of academic as well as crafts, music, organic gardening, animals, drama, pottery, riding, swimming, camping, sports, art and photography. Accepting ages 6-17. For brochure: **Open Community Camp, Box 305 N, Claverack, N.Y. 12513. (518) 851-3311.**

MUSIC

FREE 200-PAGE CATALOG. 1,400 New Stereo Recordings. Renaissance, Baroque, Classical, Romantic, Modern Music. Not sold in stores. Not listed in Schwann's. Highest quality! Budget label prices! Available only by mail. **MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, Box 932 NA, New York, N.Y. 10023.**

IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE to get **Malvina Reynolds LP's** except by mail order. Write for brochure and free single to: **Schroder Music Co., 2027 Parker St., Berkeley, Ca. 94704.** Enclose 25¢ coin or stamps to cover mailing costs.

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

QUICK (BUT CAREFUL) MOVERS. Household or commercial. Realistic estimates. Reasonable rates. Insured. No job too small. **(212) 673-5341.**

REAL ESTATE

ENJOY a new vacation experience—where you choose—rent free. Write **VIKING HOME EXCHANGE, Box 3007, St. Paul, Minnesota 55165.**

ADVERTISING RATES

Classified: 74c a line (6 words) 3 line min.
Classified Display: $7.42 per inch (min.)
THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 10014
242-8400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW is the time to

subscribe to THE NATION at these money-saving rates.

6 months (24 issues)	1 year (48 issues)
$9.00	$15.00

Enter your subscription to THE NATION right now . . . and enjoy two specific benefits:

1. SAVE MONEY. Regular single-copy price of THE NATION is 50¢ per copy. So you *save $9.00* (almost 40%) on a 1-year subscription which costs only $15.00 . . . or you *save $3.00* on a 6-month subscription at only $9.00.

2. FREE BOOK. Described at right is the book you will receive absolutely free, as a Bonus. Only a limited number of copies available, so act today to avoid disappointment.

Provocative and venturesome . . . THE NATION has been traveling the route of independent expression and dissent for more than 107 tumultuous years. Here is *the* forum for all free-thinkers who are not afraid to challenge the age-old illnesses that still confront America today: anti-intellectualism, intolerance, injustice, imperialism, inertia. And here, week after week after week, is the forthright comment by those who seek to examine and re-examine, expose and oppose, question and criticize the causes of our day.

Whether you're a liberal or a conservative, radical or revolutionary, let THE NATION help keep you up-to-date on the most absorbing political and social issues of our time. Enclose remittance now and you will receive your Bonus book at once. But please don't delay. Get your subscription into the mail today.

THE NATION *333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014*

Please ☐ enter ☐ extend my subscription to THE NATION for the term checked below. I am paying for my subscription now, so send my Bonus book at once.

☐ *1 year (48 issues) $15.00* ☐ *6 mos (24 issues) $9.00*
(Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.)

PRINT
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ *Bill me - with the understanding that the free book will be sent after my subscription invoice has been paid.*

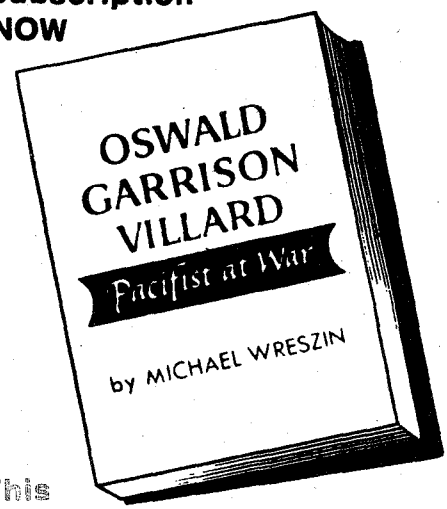
GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS

Timely and appropriate for any friend or relative you specially want to please. Attach separate sheet with names and addresses; we'll send gift cards in your name. Send $15.00 for each 1-year gift, including the FREE Bonus Book for you.

THE NATION
333 Sixth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10014

Yours ABSOLUTELY FREE!

if you enter your subscription NOW



This big 342 page hard cover book OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD — Pacifist at War — by Michael Wreszin

***Publisher's price — $6.95 — but yours at no extra cost* with 6-month or 1-year paid subscription to THE NATION.**

This is the stirring biography of a man who transformed THE NATION from a sedentary literary review into the volatile, crusading journal it is today . . . presenting informed criticism and taking firm stands on all current issues.

It was Oswald Garrison Villard who wanted to remake the world in an age threatened repeatedly by crisis. His forum: THE NATION, which he served as Editor from 1918 to 1933.

In this outstanding work, Michael Wreszin focuses particular attention on Villard's pioneering influence on liberal movements during that period. The book throws new light not only on the Editor's dedicated, crotchety personality, but on the political and intellectual history of his day.

Like all of us today, Villard lived through an era of rapid change, war, advancing technology and depression in which some of the old guide lines led to dead ends. Yet he fervently believed that reason and justice would triumph over the forces of evil in the world. His sense of uncompromising commitment to an ideal or set of principles is equally timely today.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED